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of LITERATURE

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Mark Twain—Radical

WHEN Mark Twain was alive his friends would not take him seriously; willy-nilly, for them, he was a buffoon to the end. Now that he is dead and his autobiography has just been published, his admirers take him too seriously. For them, he is the great protestant who never spoke out because his wife would not let him; he was the radical born before his time who kept on his conservative shirt when he ought to have gone berserker into the contest against corrupt corporations, militarists, millionaires, and the false gods of a degenerating America. He is the Lost Leader.

We are always scolding our dead heroes because they do not fight our battles. Shakespeare is much too complaisant to royalty, Lincoln was willing to keep slavery if he could save the Union, Wilson made political appointments. It shocks us to discover that Washington did not believe in universal suffrage, or that Mark Twain admired the Standard Oil Corporation and loved capitalists.

Mark Twain was a radical nevertheless. At least half of the really important writers in American literature have been radical, politically or socially or both. His attack upon vested injustice, intolerance, and obscurantism in "A Yankee in King Arthur's Court" and "The Prince and the Pauper" is quite as indignant as Samuel Butler's in "The Way of All Flesh." Critics forget the social courage of his anti-imperialism and the commercial courage of his onslaught upon Christian Science. Yet they say he did not "speak out," he never lashed the smugness of American bourgeois life, never complained of hypocrisy in a society for which anecdote had to be censored before it could be put in a lecture or in print. He forgave too much in America.

It is true that Mark Twain was a humanitarian and not a reformer. He was like his mother who could catch the whip hand of a brutal teamster, but accept slavery because she never saw it abused. Nevertheless, the important distinction between Mark Twain and our contemporaries who believe that his genius for satire should have been used for their pet causes, is not this one. They were born angry, but Mark Twain grew angry only well on in life. This slow-gathering moral indignation has one advantage, for as it grows it gathers to itself memories that have become vivid with time, and the pictures it paints of wrong and injustice have a depth which no sudden wrath can provide. The final condemnation of slavery is not in the abolitionist "Uncle Tom's Cabin" but in the experiences of that convinced Southerner, "Huckleberry Finn."

And such a slow-moving temper has what some may consider a disadvantage also, a disadvantage which is apparent in the mellow ramblings of the new "Autobiography." Twain could hate rascals, hypocrites, and most of all pompous fools, but he found it increasingly difficult to be angry with individuals, because he knew too many men. He had been a public character himself from an early age, with the voluminous acquaintance of a public character, plus the shrewdness of a congenial observer. He was well aware that a doubtful course may be conducted by a lovable character, and like all humanitarians, when he found the leader an honest man he grew more tolerant of his activities. A convinced radical should be no respecter of persons, which means that he should never like his opponents, and so must often fail to comprehend their principles. For Twain, to whom H. H. Rogers was the ideal gentleman, a trust could not be a monster of

Hands

By HARRY KEMP

NOT of your voice, now still, that used to sing,
I think—now all your spirit's house lies dead—

Not of that little, lovely, eager head:
I think more of your hands than anything!
Not of your face, sweet like a star,—now lying
Immobile, nor those lips, no more replying
With unexpectedness,—those eyes, whence came
An eager Dancing life could never tame.
O, no, it is those little lovely hands
That bring down all my hopes like sliding sands,
Those little, lovely hands, all arts in one,
In which the soul of motion lies undone.
Hands that I caught, I kissed: hands that I pressed
Against my cheek . . . hands that could never rest;

Hands that lived by themselves; hands that were all
The soft, delicious names that Love can call . . .
Hands that touched Love, now waxen in last sleep,
As chill as stone, mortised in final peace—
O, if I look long, fancy makes them leap—
That they should stop is proof all life must cease!

The Secret of Homer

By GILBERT MURRAY

WE must face the fact that the Homeric poems, by whatever standard we judge them, from the highest to the lowest, are far and away the most successful epic poems in the world. True, they belong to a kind of literature that is now lost, and there is not the faintest chance that any one will either wish or be able to write similar poems again; but it is interesting none the less to try to discover as far as one can something of the secret of their greatness. All the more so because, if tested by the current canons of modern fiction, they seem so full of obvious faults.

We moderns expect a good work of fiction to have a consistent plot. The plots of both the poems are full of small discrepancies. Again, we expect a poem to be written in correct language. We think it ridiculous when Mrs. Browning says "oftly" instead of "often," just because she wants it to rhyme with "softly." I remember an old French poem, originally in assonance and then turned into rhyme, in which the terminations of the words are habitually twisted to suit the rhyme. The first line ended:

que Deus père aim tant.
At the end of a neighboring line the patriarch Abraham appeared, but had changed his name to "Abrahant." So much one might forgive, but a little later his example was followed by the patriarch Moses, who duly became "Moysant." The accumulative effect is, to us, irresistibly ridiculous. Yet the Homeric poems contain in almost every line Abrahants and Moysants of this description—word-forms completely incorrect invented for the sake of the verse. And even then the verses are by no means always right in point of meter.

Still, you may say, though the forms are inaccurate and the meter sometimes limps, perhaps the choice of words is correct? Perhaps the descriptions are exactly suited to the occasion, and so written that to alter a single word would spoil the whole? Alas, it is just the opposite. The descriptions, though always vivid, are never exact. They are usually made up of traditional formulae, one of which can as a rule be freely substituted for another. It has long been pointed out that even the similes, those marvelous similes which seem to contain the very life-breath of Homeric poetry, are not as a rule individually fitted to their contexts. They are all splendid: "Even as a pard goes prowling"—"Even as a hawk on a mountain, lightest of winged things"—"Even as a beaten lion goes backward from a fold of cattle"; but they seldom seem exactly to describe the thing they are to illustrate.

Is it possible to defend the poems on quite different lines? Can we say: "Let us throw away all questions of technique and fine writing. What we find in the poems is the mind of a great man of genius; it is in that that their greatness lies." One might say that of certain other Greek authors; of Thucydides perhaps, and notably of St. Paul, a rather tortuous and self-repeating writer whose amazing eloquence seems to come in flashes when his inward genius gets free. But no; this explanation will not apply to Homer. Notoriously the Iliad and Odyssey were poems for oral recitation. They were recited at the Panathenaea and various other festivals and gatherings. They belong to a species of poetry which is well known to us in the literature of the Middle Ages, and which is still living, for example, in Serbia. The Serbian bards still recite, in varying forms, traditional epics, which run into thousands of lines, about the great half-triumphant defeat of Kosovo in the four-

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wickedness. His infinite admiration for Grant tempered his distaste for the scandals of the Grant régime. If he had known, and liked, Mrs. Eddy, he might have been gentler with Christian Science. Not that Twain's liking was readily gained. The "Autobiography" shows that it was easier to win his pocketbook than his heart.

Mark Twain knew much more of America than his more scornful successors. Perhaps that is why he liked his country in spite of the deeds of his countrymen. And he knew and liked too many successful men to believe that they were all oppressors and crooks. He spoke out fearlessly when he was moved, but he was moved by his own grievances, not ours, and his hatred for things as they were was constantly tempered by his friendship for men as they are. What he lost in vehemence he made up in wisdom.

teenth century. Tradition and recitation are the marks of all poems of this class. One bard after another recites them. He has learned them from his ancestors, and perhaps rewritten and improved them. But search as you may in them, you never reach the personality of the ultimate author. You never find an original poet who shapes and invents with authority. You find always a bard, who, as he utters the poem, feels himself the spokesman of something greater than himself, whether he is reciting the words of some great by-gone minstrel or in his highest moments is inspired by the Muses themselves. Every recitation recreates the poem. It lives only in the bard's own memory and emotion, and the answering memory and emotion of his audience.



I think it is in this kind of literature that we really find the clue to understanding the greatness of the Iliad and the Odyssey. But for the purpose of illustration it is best to take something that is familiar to us all, and I will venture to use as my example the Story of the Gospels. I will ask the reader for the moment to put aside all thoughts of theology and worship, and merely to take the Gospel Narrative as an extraordinarily moving piece of literature.

The story comes to us in four versions, all of which diverge a good deal in detail, while each of them is of composite origin, and the work for the most part of unknown authors. I do not know that one could argue that in point of detail the literary style was very good, or the descriptions and choice of words very exact, yet amid the general pervasive beauty one element certainly is mere beauty of language. Take, not the language of the moving passages, or the great sublime sayings; take the ordinary phrases that come in the dead level of the narrative: "And there came unto him a certain rich man," or "Verily, I say unto you"; and does not the reader feel at once the presence of a haunting and almost magical beauty? It is what we call a beauty of atmosphere.

What do we exactly mean by "atmosphere" in a poem? We mean that as we read it we seem to breathe a peculiar air, to be transported to a different world. In this case, we are carried to a world that is somehow better than ours, a world of extraordinary beauty and simplicity, a world full of the thrill of mysterious values. Things which in ordinary life seem hardly to matter become in this world full of terrific moment; full of issues of everlasting life or death. A small deed done which a man thinks nothing of, and "It were better that a millstone were hung about his neck, and he were cast into the deeps of the sea."



Now it is clear that to achieve this atmosphere the subject first of all had to be worthy. The subject is martyrdom, the greatest of all subjects; man dying for man; the innocent and great for the mean and guilty. The atmosphere itself is doubtless due largely to association and tradition; that is, to memories of childhood, and to the fact that the emotions we feel were felt by our ancestors before us. It is conveyed by a style, a quite peculiar and definite style of language which is never used, and which absolutely cannot be used, to tell other stories or describe other subjects. If you try to use it the result is at once parody or blasphemy. And as there may be variations of style in different parts of the Iliad and Odyssey, so there are differences in the different Gospels; yet the whole for practical purposes is one style. Again, the narrative is concerned not with the present time or any ordinary past time. It is concerned with a great age in the past when things were not as they now are; an age looked back to over the gulf of many deaths, an Apostolic Age of radiant saintliness, regarded never with criticism, but always with reverence and love and self-sinking. This complete absence of criticism or argument is a proof of the unity between the story-teller and his audience, and between both of them and the spirit of the age which they describe. They find in their subject nothing to criticize or to argue about. They are content to adore it.

Now I want to suggest that we shall find just these qualities in Homer, though, of course, in the midst of a completely different material. We shall find association and tradition; a marked style used for nothing else; a Great Age, blessed, marvelous, tragic, inhabited by beings higher than our-

selves; and lastly, in the poet's attitude toward this age, we shall find a spirit of idealization and wonder, a complete absence of criticism.

The influence of association and tradition in the Greek epic is obvious, and I will not dwell upon it. We will take first the style. Our own modern tendency is rather to resent conventions of style; to feel, somehow, that, as we say, the thing matters and not the word, and, consequently, that any word which denotes a given thing is as good as any other. Here the classics do not agree with us. They always insist that every word, besides its direct meaning, has its associations. It brings with it the atmosphere of the surroundings in which it is commonly used. It may suggest a saloon, or a music-hall, or a newspaper, or a church; it is sure to suggest something. One of our favorite modern tricks is to make deliberate effects of contrast by using the sublime word in a comic context. That, no doubt, has its own charm; see Kipling's passion, or see even Billy Sunday; but there is nothing of the sort in Homer. Just as any single verse from the Gospels is felt at once to belong to the Gospels and carries its credentials with it, so any single line of Greek epic shows at once that it is Greek epic, and cannot, by a fair scholar, be mistaken for anything else. The language of poetry in English is apt, of course, to be different from that of ordinary life, but the difference in Greek is far more marked. If you take the first sentence in "Paradise Lost"—and perhaps no great poet has so markedly and obviously poetical a style as Milton—you will find, among the twenty-seven words there used, no single unusual word, and only one unusual phrase—"whose mortal taste" for "the tasting of which by a mortal." Now the first sentence of the Iliad is about the same length, containing thirty words; and in it there are fourteen forms of words that could not possibly be used in classical Attic prose, and probably about seven which could not have been used in early Ionic prose, as well as one unusual construction. That is, the epic style is far more marked, far more remote from the common, than anything to which we are accustomed in modern poetry.



This style is intended to express the spirit of an Age; and learned men have quarreled as to whether it was a real age in history or an ideal age of the imagination. Of course it was both—a real age idealized. It was idealized in its own special way; not in the least as a golden age of innocence and happiness, not as an Apostolic age of saintliness and religious revelation. It was "the Heroic Age"; and the word "hero" in Greek has a perfectly definite meaning. The heroes are the "Mighty Dead," worshipped at their sacred tombs—

Very strong they were, and with very strong foes they fought.

That is the main thing one can say about them. The Heroic Age, though idealized, is not full of fable and miracle. Like the Gospels, it avoids the fabulous, except in certain definite conventions. Not quite so realistic as the world of the Norse Sagas, it is infinitely more so than that of the Indian epics. The "mighty dead" were, after all, men rather like us, only like us at our very best.

People and things both were at their very best, seen through a mist of yearning memory and tradition. There might be death and battle, but there were no colds, coughs, or toothaches. All eating and drinking was a feast and a rejoicing. All the cities in Homer are well founded, or "set on hills," or "homes of fair women," or, in one word, "lovely,"—the word of the far traveler pining for his home. Houses are strong and well built. The poet seldom mentions a door without saying how well it fits. Clothes are all that clothes should be. You love your helmet and your shield; your axe fits your hand. Your ships are "dark" and "even," and "smooth" and "well-benched." The sails are strong and the oars well-balanced; and there you sit and smite the blue salt water into foam, and a high West Wind goes shouting over the wine-faced sea.

The women, young and old, are all gracious and stately. Some, no doubt, are wicked like Circe, but none are losing their looks or sick or vain or fat or shrewish. With one exception, at the end of the Odyssey, no woman is ever ill-used or mocked or treated impolitely; for the mighty dead had always a stately courtesy about them. They had many faults, but no bad manners. None would steal or lie or turn coward; none would mutilate or torture

an enemy as barbarians do. The kings were kingly; the prophets wise and true; the old men great in counsel and knowledge.

Yet, emphatically, it was not a golden age. It was an age of abundant suffering and death, of horrible wounds and revenge and mental anguish. Abundant suffering, without doubt; but it is all faced with a central heart of courage. Life is stronger than any destructive forces which threaten it. Death comes and takes its toll, and the survivors, if there are any, go

rejoicing out of the jaws of death.

There is plenty of suffering, but there are no sour grapes; no disillusionment or disappointment or *ennui*. Life is never a thing languid and without appetite. Whatever a man may suffer, there remain the wind and the blue sea, and friends and high adventure, and the chance of fortune to be won in a glorious world.

It all depends on how you look at it. If you take the situation at the beginning of the Iliad, and try to get at the historical facts, stripped of the poetic atmosphere, what you find is an exhausted and half-beaten army, camped dangerously in little huts on an enemy's coast. Plague has fallen upon them. For days the camp has been full of dead dogs and dead mules, and now there are dead men. The funeral fires are burning ever in greater numbers night after night; the leaders are quarreling, and the best contingent of troops in open mutiny. The steps taken to meet the plague show nothing but helpless superstition, and beneath the rude splendor of the surface you see the signs of utter and grinding poverty. The men are living on plunder, and most of the plunder is already devoured. The one form of property they seem to have in abundance consists of slaves; for weak and miserable men can generally lay their hand on others who are weaker still and more miserable. There is a beautiful description, at the end of Book VII of the Iliad, of a wine-ship from Lemnos coming up in the evening twilight, and the soldiers crowding to the shores to buy wine with whatever they happen to possess—iron, copper, shields, live cattle, slaves, and, as we should say, the very shirts off their backs. As transmuted by poetry the scene is beautiful; but what a sight it must have been in reality, before the transmutation took place!

The values of poetry, like the values of religion, are utterly different from those of everyday life. This evil time, this crowded hour of intense living, has paid back in the memory of the human race far more than it ever destroyed. The wealthy and rather servile Minoan empires lasted for many centuries and were utterly forgotten until the spade of Sir Arthur Evans began to turn up the relics of them. But this "Heroic Age," which lasted at most about four generations, lives on forever. All the higher Greek poetry of after times was placed in it, and the higher poetry of the later world has followed where Greek poetry led. It was like the outbreak of a vast fire which consumed the show work of many generations, a time of concentrated striving, of daring and of suffering, with almost everything about it evil except one thing—the intense demand it made upon the forces of human nature, and the triumphant courage with which human nature rose to meet the demand.

First, men who lived intensely, battled bravely, were in some way clean and loyal, and faced death or life with a smile upon their lips. Then, for generations afterward, later men who revered the memory of these first, who cherished their great deeds, kept alive all that was beautiful about them, forgot nearly all that was unworthy, and gave the whole power that was in them to the task of remembering and transmuting to poetry something which they felt to be greater than themselves. That seems to be one part, though of course only one, of the secret which has made the Homeric poems great. It gave at least the atmosphere in which great poetry might be born and live.

Many valuable documents signed by both Abraham Lincoln and John Wilkes Booth, his assassin, were bequeathed to the Watertown Library Association of Connecticut by the late Benjamin F. Curtiss.

The will of John Quinn, lawyer, book collector and art connoisseur, provides that ten or twenty years hence his letters of a literary or historical character shall go to the New York Public Library.

The Winged Monster

WINGS. By ETHEL M. KELLEY. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1924. \$2 net.

Reviewed by MABEL F. WEEKS
Barnard College

MISS KELLEY has shown a very real originality in setting forth her story, "Wings," in the inverted order. By opening with the Epilogue and passing through The End to The Beginning, she has followed the order of increasing spiritual significance; she has shown us her hero in his relations with three women and has ended on the note of deepest import. Not only in the order but in the manner in which each episode is handled the writer has used extraordinary skill. The events sift themselves through three different personalities; yet the unity is inexorable. Whether these events come to us in the disturbed diary of a young girl on the eve of her marriage to the poet, Paul Jasper Hutchinson, or through Paul's turgid account of his love for Aileen, or through Eleanor's tragedy, it is always Paul we are seeing in ever new and more searching completeness, in all his egotism, shoddiness and caution. A stroke of genuine inspiration, this, to build up from the rhapsodies of infatuated women and his own self-satisfied musings so unflattering a picture of the hero.

Paul's own revelation is the most complete. The way the author lets us share the streams of random thoughts and images in his mind, during a railroad journey or a walk along Fifth Avenue, has exposed him to our more intimate knowledge, and we become increasingly conscious of his humorless heroics, his self-pity, his vanity and ruthlessness. One asks oneself whether a mind so loaded with stock allusions and stale quotations, so cluttered with tags of borrowed phraseology, so ready to assume grand postures, can really be the mind of a poet; one longs to interrogate Miss Kelley herself on this point, for it is not quite clear whether she believes her hero to have the "wings" that reconcile the woman who loves him best to his lack of character, or whether she is here adding one more touch of delicate irony to her subtle study of the egotist.

All the characters have the quality of reality. From the amusing "patter" of the debutante, we get a sense of her courage, freshness, essential soundness. She says many good things and shows keenness and insight in her comments on her poet though her brains do her very little good. Her deep infatuation will not let her act upon her knowledge, though she has sounded the depths of his egotism, and there are more misgivings than ecstasies in her prenuptial reveries. Eleanor is the most deeply seen of the three women, and there is the best writing of the book in the last part that deals with her tragedy and the courage of her final choice. And there is nothing better in these pages than the flash of insight of the drunken father who senses her grievous trouble by some deep instinct that sobers him for a moment as he stumbles up the stairs of the dreary boarding-house that is their home.

It may perhaps seem a paradox to add that though the character of Paul is very exactly drawn and intimately individualized, many a woman might point the finger of accusation at him and say, "That is the man."

Hard Boiled Art

THE UNCERTAIN FEAST. By SOLITA SOLANO. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1924.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENET

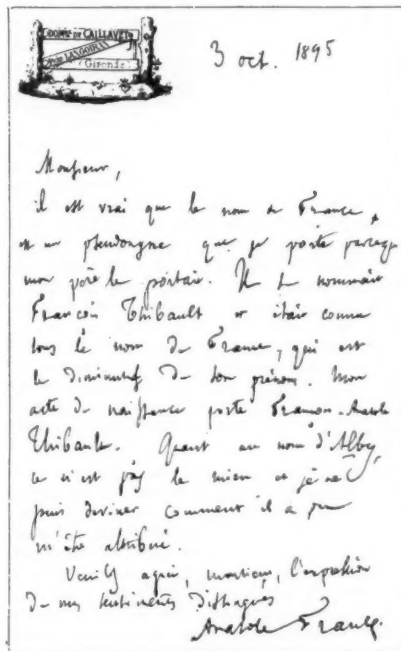
AN extraordinary thing has been done in this novel. A woman has succeeded in writing so like a man that even after assurance by her publishers of the author's identity I can hardly believe that this book was created by a feminine hand. Miss Solano is the first of our feminine realists to be absolutely ruthless, in the sense that Theodore Dreiser and Ben Hecht are ruthless. She has written a powerful, ugly, photographic book, with passionate passages quite in the approved modern style. She has dealt with an essentially unintelligent male in the full-tide of his mental and physical power. There is not a person in her book one would care to have for a friend. There is no one in the book, indeed, who is at all interesting save as a subject for dissection is interesting under the scalpel of a sure-fingered and keen-brained anatomist. But "The Uncertain Feast" vibrates in the

memory. Incidentally, some one else has said that it contains the best picture of a newspaper office in recent fiction; and to that pronouncement I heartily subscribe.

The author's style, the ticker-tape fashion of the busy mind's reflections, the journalese, the pointed, pungent, nervous, jerky advance of the story—all this seems to me, in the main, quite appropriate to chief character and background. Miss Solano remains quite detached from her characters, indeed so detached is she from Amy that Amy never quite assumes reality. She is a pawn in the game Daniel Geer loses. It is Geer who has throughout such sympathy as Miss Solano deigns to bestow on any of her characters. Miss Elliot is real, Miss Elliot is pathetic—and futile. But she is in the round. Even Merina is real. The more cultivated are not—Sydney and Elizabeth Corning. They are subordinate movie characters.

One detail I do not feel correct. Miss Solano makes Daniel sometimes think with a literary alusiveness that I am sure he did not possess. His head seems to be full, not only of all the bits of odd knowledge that a successful newspaper man's usually holds, but also of a hodge-podge of literary impedimenta that does not convince. Geer is made a most peculiar compost, besides, of the purely carnal and the intellectually subtle. There are such composites, but not, it seems to me, in just these particular portions.

Amy Fiske is certainly manhandled in this story.



An unpublished letter of Anatole France, commenting upon the origin of his pen-name.

Courtesy of Gabriel Wells.

Miss Solano seems to take rather a pleasure in seeing her "treated rough." This *penchant* might annoy us more if Amy were permitted to win any of our sympathy; but Miss Solano's persistence in telling the story with her eyes always looking over the shoulder of Daniel Geer makes of Amy merely a lay-figure. Certainly it is rare in a woman's novel to find a woman taking such an entirely impersonal attitude toward her own sex. Daniel was, of course, good to his mother; and, by the way, his heavy quarrelsome family are remarkably well-known, the mother especially, who was by far the best of them. She has a Rodin quality.

"The Uncertain Feast" is a rough and ready book; its hands are red and raw; it wears a collar-button but no collar; yet it makes the crude, the animal, the mannerless unusually interesting. The author is an artist, by virtue of her perfect adaptation of manner to matter and her extraordinary observation of a certain stratum of life. Behind the telling of the story is undeniable and vehement sincerity, and there is astonishingly little hokum even where the writing rises to the sensational. Of course, some people will find the book most unpleasant, but it is not at all neurotic; and there is real creative power in the mind that planned and the hand that executed a tale so salient.

Great Expectations

EXPECTANCY. By JOHN EYTON. New York: The Century Co. 1924. \$2.

Reviewed by EDWIN MUIR

THE title of Mr. Eyton's novel is unusually appropriate. It is certainly an extraordinary novel, it is most certainly, taken as a whole, a bad novel; but it is a novel to awaken our lively expectancy. The writer of the first half of it has talent in a brilliant degree, perhaps genius; the writer of the second possesses a remarkable capacity for throwing his talents overboard and writing more conventionally than the conventional. Had Mr. Eyton laid down his pen when his boy hero returned from India he would have given us a delightful work. But he takes us, alas, through the boy's youth and early manhood; he describes a long, conventional and unconvincing love affair, under the impression, evidently, that it is unconventional and daring, and a sordid squabble between the Hindus and the English, which he apparently finds, on one side at least, a heroic business. After reading all this, one is driven to the incredible conclusion that the author knows nothing about youth, manhood and love, and that he has never thought about the Hindus. He gives us the conventional man's conception of adult people and of love, and his utterance has the intense solemnity and conviction of one to whom convention is so holy that he has never thought about it. His mind is hidebound. The war, for example, comes into the book, and he treats it—at this time of day, too!—to a complete absence of criticism, as if it were a thing set eternally beyond man's thought. He thinks of the Hindus in the same terms as the Anglo-Indians in Mr. Forster's "A Passage to India." The fact is that his mind is too timid to deal with the adult world as it is.

But he does deal with a child's life with unusual courage and freshness. How is it that a writer so conventional in his view of men and women should be so sincere when he writes about children? Perhaps because the life of a child does not matter so much—I state the conventional view—as that of a man. A child has no responsibilities. His rebellions, strange thoughts, and impossible desires are all on a small scale: they cannot shake the world, nor what is still more important to some people, and Mr. Eyton seems to be among them—the conventions. Accordingly one can set down without disguise the unconventionalities of children. Mr. Eyton does this almost supremely well. Not only does he draw a clear and beautiful portrait of Jimmie Vaine; he makes us see through this child's eyes the whole world of childhood; the rooms in the house, the good and bad servants, the grown up relatives—they appear here, as they do actually appear to children, almost like members of a different race—the glory of the London Zoo: the smallest sensations and the greatest wonders of childhood. And, having done this, he attempts something further at which the most skilful craftsman might boggle: he takes Jimmie to India, and makes us see that immense land through the boy's eyes. This part of the book is beautiful from beginning to end, with a clarity so intense that it has the quality of a dream. It is absolutely genuine. When Mr. Eyton writes sincerely, without a thought for his censorious equals in age, he is a very gifted writer; and the book should be read for the first 152 pages of brilliant understanding and graphic description. The other 176 should be skipped: they give a too convincing image of Mr. Eyton's limitations; for they are concerned, alas, with the life of a human being over fourteen, and at present that seems to be incomprehensible to Mr. Eyton.

His gifts, nevertheless, are considerable. He gives us, for example, a far more clear and vivid picture of India than Mr. Forster does. His landscapes are more solid; he never escapes from faithful description into mere impressionism. It is when he comes to treat anything requiring the free exercise of the mind—for example, the emotions, problems and thoughts of adult people—that he shows himself so inferior to Mr. Forster. Timidity and conventionality literally bar him outside his proper province as an artist. He will have to get rid of them: otherwise he is condemned to describe until further notice the reactions of boys under fourteen.

Mark Lidderdale's Progress

THE HEAVENLY LADDER. By COMPTON MACKENZIE. New York: George H. Doran Co. 1924. \$2.50 net.

Reviewed by GEORGE MEADOWS

IN the present book Mr. Mackenzie completes the trilogy, of which "The Altar-Steps" and "The Parson's Progress" are the preceding volumes, concerned with the religious life of Mark Lidderdale from his boyhood to the point where he decides that his position as an Anglican cleric is untenable and that he must seek admission to the Roman Catholic Church. We leave him humbly craving instruction and guidance from the priest of a little parish in Italy on the feast of Sant'Antonio.

With the exception of the last two chapters the story is entirely laid in Cornwall, a part of England for which Mr. Mackenzie has a special predilection and in which he has placed the closing scenes of "Carnival." Mark Lidderdale, after his apprenticeship to the ministry of the Anglican Church, accepts a very poor living in a remote parish of farmers and fishermen. In his anxiety to "Catholicize" his crude and besotted flock he determines that a sudden assault on their prejudices and stupidity cannot be more disastrous and may be more profitable than a slow siege. Accordingly he introduces the full cycle of Catholic ritual as it is practised in the more advanced section of the Church of England. This is tantamount to Roman Catholicism in the minds of the Cornishmen—indeed, it is worse, for they can almost tolerate a genuine Roman Catholic, but this spiritual "kissing of the Pope's toe" in their own parish church is too much for them. Bigotry and crass ignorance, misunderstanding and ingratitude Mark was prepared for, but for all his knowledge of the meanness and nastiness of human nature gained in the confessional in London, he did not anticipate the campaign of villainy that was launched against him by the villagers of Nancepean. The climax of humiliation and suffering was reached when Mark's work for the children—one of the most attractive features of his rather uncompromising ministry—was vilified by his enemies in a spirit of prurient obscenity that must have been a sore trial to Mark's faith in mankind and its worthiness of Redemption.

Finally comes the European war, which unsettled so many convictions and vocations. The diocese is now ruled by a worldly-wise and unsympathetic bishop, successor to the saintly old prelate in deference to whose wishes Mark had formerly agreed to moderate his ritualism. The new bishop fails to enforce his prudent half measures on Mark and the latter is finally deprived of his cure of souls, although with characteristic obstinacy he waits in his vicarage to be dispossessed by the police. However, a party of the local people eject him before this can happen and we next find him serving as a private soldier and being wounded in France. He leaves the army with a clearer spiritual perspective and a surer grasp of the realities in which he believes. Incidentally we are grateful to the author for sparing us one of the stories of disillusionment on inadequate grounds that were the fashion recently. At the end the great Benedictine monasteries of Monte Cassino and Subiaco, with their thirteen hundred years of spirituality, complete this modern pilgrim's progress and Mark decides that his orders are invalid and that his spiritual home is with that "mighty Mother" in whose bosom Newman had found rest and peace of soul.

That Mark Lidderdale's place was in the Catholic Church few who have followed his spiritual history will deny, though probably many Roman Catholics will be inclined to agree with the genial old English abbot whom he meets in the Bernese Oberland.

A Thomist might say that you are drawing near to the Church by the wrong road . . . if there can be a wrong road to salvation.

One would like to say that Mr. Mackenzie had gone from excellence to excellence as a literary artist since the publication of his *magnum opus*, "Sinister Street," and that charming idyll, "Guy and Pauline." An honest critic, however, must admit a certain inferiority in the style of these later books. The author's felicities and idiosyncrasies seem to have set into mannerisms and one or two of his de-

scriptions suggest a parody of Dickens in some of his less happy moments. Take for instance the picture of Major Drumgold's wife:

Mrs. Drumgold, who was nearly twice as big as her husband, resembled the wreck of an iced madeira cake, with her blond hair, her pink powder, and her string of amber beads like candied peel.

But Mr. Mackenzie's spiritual insight has not failed him and one is glad of such passages as that describing the mystical suggestion of the setting to Mark's interview with the old bishop and the account of the attempt to beguile the solitude of a Cornish vicarage with the study of mystical theology.

In the commonplace of a crowded city mysticism gains much by contrast. Down here in this lonely house and lonely corner of England the pursuit of mysticism aggravated his isolation. He seemed unable to gain anything more from his study of mystical experience than the impression of various other overwrought contemplatives struggling on through their earthly pilgrimage, always a prey to their sense of utter abandonment by God.

Waldo Frank—Poet

CHALK FACE. By WALDO FRANK. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1924. \$2.00.

Reviewed by A. DONALD DOUGLAS

ONE need not be a literary bigot or the thrall of definition to suggest that even in the widest sense of that abused word, Mr. Waldo Frank is not a novelist. Despite the fact that he chooses to employ the form known as the "novel" he is much more the poet of phantasmal intimations and torment of the spirit seeking to explain its torment in terms of allegory and sudden revelations of the unseen world. A work of art is not a novel or an allegory or a tone poem in prose by any single reason of the "form" imposed upon its substance by the choice or need of the artist. One remembers the critic who protested that Cesar Franck's symphony is not a symphony (in the sense accepted at his time) because the motive of the second movement is sung by the English horn! Even Mr. Middleton Murry prefers to consider Dostoevsky as something other than a novelist because his characters exist in space and not in time, and because in the "real" world the events of "The Idiot" could not take place (even by daylight saving) in the hours assigned them by their inventor.

Nothing of that pedantic sort is brought up here against the intentions and the practice of the author of "Chalk Face," "Rahab," "Holiday," and "City Block." It is not a question of form, or what Mr. Clive Bell, all by himself, has decided to call significant form. It is simply a question of what Mr. Frank is trying to do and the way he does that enigmatic something. Mr. Frank is not a novelist (that is hardly to his discredit in a world of efficient dull novelists) simply in that he would rather (or merely that he does) translate his intimations into symbols of pure poetry than into character, action, (whether internal or external), or men and women both symbolic and actual. He is a poet (even in a horror story like "Chalk Face") much as Shakespeare is oftener a poet than a dramatist.

In "Chalk Face" Mr. Frank gives his game away as a novelist and thereby invents a new game perhaps as valuable as the usual sort of game played by novelists who obey the rules. The man with the chalk face commits two murders, is responsible for a broken engagement and a frustrated life. It looks like another horror story of the spirit. Dr. John Mark consecrates his life to the science of the spirit. He explores the dungeons of the soul that he may relate the wheel of the stars to the inner invisible wheel of the spirit. He is in love with Mildred, finding in her beauty the resolution of his soul. His rival for her love is slain by a mysterious antagonist described by the only man who saw him as having a head all white. Mark's parents won't give him money for his marriage. The bolts in their automobile wheels are loosened by a man described by a garage mechanic as having a head all white. The automobile is wrecked. Both are

killed. Mark himself is drawn to a lime pit and there almost mired by a man having a head all white. In a nightmare Mark recognizes chalk face as his other self, who willed the death of his rivals and by some means slew them in the world of action. He confesses to Mildred. She leaves him. He must drag on his life in a twilight world of closed tight horror.

No one has much business objecting that Mr. Frank describes events as taking place both in the world of spirit and the world of fact. The known discoveries of double personality have dredged up actions hardly less queer than the sinister plots of chalk face. When therefore it is suggested that Mr. Frank is a poet (and as such to be praised) rather than a novelist, the case rests not upon the form he uses but the way he uses that form. The presence of the man chalk face is not so much a fact to be proved as a symbol to be believed. Art need have nothing to do with the police court. In real life the discovery of a murderer is a matter of physical importance. In art no such need exists, and so an artist may invent an inscrutable murderer. If he so invents, however, he must make you believe in his invention, he must make you shudder before his invention, he must force you into acceptance of his own terms even where the terms are the terms of art and not of life.

It is almost certain that everyone will accept chalk face as a symbol and Mr. Frank as a poet stricken with flashes of profound insight. Mr. Frank can write passages of exquisite loveliness and burning splendor. He can not tell a story, even of the invisible world, or make you fear. Indeed he cares nothing about telling a story. He uses "Chalk Face" as a frame for his starred images of destiny, love, the disintegration of the mind, unity and multiplicity, work and art, desire and delight of all gracious things of human passion. There is just one thing that Mr. Frank has not done. He has not been able to translate the intimations of the spirit into narrative forms of living action which will hold the substances of their mold and by their indelible presentment be external symbols of the enigmatic. "Chalk Face" is actually given as taking place in New York. You run into all sorts of known places: Sixth Avenue, negro elevator boys, Sherry's, a police sergeant, a dance, jazz music. If Mr. Frank decided to use these forms in combination with a drama of the soul he had somehow to write a novel wherein you would believe both the seen and the unseen. I don't mean at all that Mr. Frank sought to explain his spooks with the barren realism of Ann Radcliffe's school of terror. I mean only that Mr. Frank is a greater poet than Algernon Blackwood, but that he can not make you believe in his story considered as a tale of horror which may even take place within a trauma. He has not proved that Dr. Mark and Chalk Face may be one and indivisible in both the flesh and the spirit. In the spirit, yes; but Mr. Frank writes often in terms of the world, the flesh, and Sixth Avenue. Like Arthur Machen, Mr. Waldo Frank is a very fine poet and a consummate artist (in tone poems) who chooses to write in the form of the novel. There can be no impeachment of his very genuine distinction. Perhaps he has not yet invented the symbols which shall best contain his genius.

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Our Northern Neighbor

THE EVOLUTION OF FRENCH CANADA.

By JEAN CHARLEMAGNE BRACQ. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1924. \$2.50.

Reviewed by PETER MCARTHUR
Author of "Life of Sir Wilfrid Laurier"

M. BRACQ is so careful in his preface to point out his detachment from French Canada—he is "a son of France and a Protestant"—that one is led to expect a judicial aloofness not to be found always in Canadian histories and books dealing with the internal political problems of Canada. But any hopes that may have been raised by the preface are completely dashed by the opening sentences of the third chapter:

The Anglo-Canadians who discuss—those that do—their relative place in the Dominion, seldom hesitate to affirm their individual and national superiority over French Canadians. Uttered or unuttered, that thought ever asserts itself, either in their talk or by their silence. (The italics are ours.)

After reading that passage the English speaking Canadian knows what to expect and he is not disappointed. An author who accepts "unuttered" thought and "silence" as ponderable data can hardly expect to be taken seriously. After this attitude has been recognized the reader is not surprised to learn some things about French Canada in its relations to the rest of the Dominion, that will be of interest to economists and historians. Two facts appear to be outstanding—one of which overthrows an economic tradition while the other establishes a remarkable historical precedent. We are informed that the population of Quebec has increased from 65,000 in 1760 to over 3,000,000 at the present time. This is very near the rate of increase that Malthus suggests for a contented and happy population and yet M. Bracq would have us believe that the French Canadians have been used despitefully and grievously oppressed during a large part of this period. But the historical precedent is even more remarkable. Although the English and French speaking Canadians have been in constant contact for over one hundred and sixty years, whenever there was trouble of any kind the French Canadians were always right. Only in one case—that of the Rebellion of 1837—is an indiscretion admitted. Papineau went too far—but his ethical motives were very high.

M. Bracq has one trick of expression which is likely to be resented by both branches of the Canadian family. He speaks of "the conquered race" and "the sons of the conquerors" as if this represented an acknowledged and recognized division of the Canadian people. It is true that there was a conquest back in the dim past but for all practical purposes it has been forgotten. The present reviewer has never known an English speaking Canadian to speak of the French Canadians as "a conquered people." Even though they speak another language and differ from most of us in creed they are fellow Canadians—with a disconcerting genius for politics that makes them entirely capable of taking care of themselves. In the Federal and Provincial parliaments they have representatives who are masters of parliamentary practise and political strategy and some of whom are eloquent beyond the capacity of the Anglo-Saxon. At the present time some of their most accomplished orators, who are as fluent in English as in French, are speaking at important points in the English-speaking provinces with a view to promoting a complete understanding with their fellow citizens. As far as these missionaries of good-will are concerned, all past differences, and memories of that conquest, have been sunk without a trace.

It is when dealing with the internal development of Quebec that M. Bracq's observations are of most value. From his point of view as a Frenchman he sees that Goldwin Smith's theory of French Canada as a relic of the historical past "preserved like a Siberian mammoth in ice" does not work. The French Canadian is living, though conservative, expanding slowly but irresistibly in his own way.

The French Canadians at the Cession of the colony to Great Britain were cut off from further financial aid from France and from further immigration. Besides the admitted evils that always follow a conquest they suffered disadvantages that were shared by the English speaking settlers during the period when Great Britain was learning how to deal successfully with colonies. But they were allowed to retain their language and religion and the majority of their institutions. Although isolated from their parent stock they were not without op-

portunities for development. Today Quebec presents the unusual spectacle of a new world colony that does not seek immigrants. Its growing industries are carried on by the labor of the native population. Instead of needing immigrants Quebec is establishing colonies in the other provinces for its excess population—colonies that instead of assimilating with their English speaking neighbors "are intensely Gallic in their character" and "religiously very conservative."

No student of politics will need to be told that this tendency to colonize in other parts of Canada, rather than to assimilate, is bound to give rise to many difficult problems.

There is an innocent frankness about M. Bracq's presentation of Quebec's colonization policy that will probably arouse more wrath than anything else in his book. If he had consulted some of the eminent French Canadians whose hospitality and friendship he has enjoyed he might have avoided some irritating indiscretions.

An American Base

THE UNITED STATES AND THE PHILIPPINES. By DANIEL R. WILLIAMS. Doubleday, Page & Co. 1924. \$3.00.

Reviewed by NORBERT LYONS

PROBABLY no public question of importance is less understood by the American people than our Philippine problem. Many authorities on international politics, however, have come to a realization that the main theater of international strategy of the future lies in the Far East, the region whose geographical center is the Philippines. As Judge Williams points out in his book, half the population of the globe lives within a radius of 3,500 miles of Manila, and the material needs of these teeming millions are constantly increasing as civilization makes headway among them. Trade rivalry is becoming keener as the need for more extended foreign markets becomes more urgent in the home countries; and out of trade rivalries arise more serious conflicts.

America has been the great stabilizing influence in the Far East, and as long as she remains there, firmly established on her Philippine base, a continuance of the present generally peaceful (in an international sense) status quo is assured. Should she get out, not only will internal chaos ensue in the Islands, but the balance of power in the entire Far East will be so seriously disturbed as to threaten another world war similar to the one we have just passed through. Moreover, the Filipino people are not as yet qualified for complete self-government, and to cast them adrift now or in the near future upon the uncertain sea of international ambitions that surround them, would be an act of cruelty to them and an act of national folly for us.

This, in brief, is the main thesis of the volume under review. Running through it, like a crimson thread of warning, is a subtle arraignment of Congress and American statesmanship for permitting things to come to such a pass as was exemplified by the recent campaign of Senate President Manuel Quezon and his political followers against Governor General Leonard Wood. Incidentally, the author devotes a whole chapter to "General Wood and the Filipinos," setting forth the genesis, progress and character of the anti-Wood movement.

Much water has flowed under the Philippine bridge in the decade since the late Dean C. Worcester produced his scholarly and authoritative work on "The Philippines Past and Present." The war, for one thing, and the Washington Conference, for another, have changed the entire Far Eastern complex, and a revaluation of facts and influences with reference to the American tenure of the Philippine Archipelago is decidedly in order. This, Judge Williams has made, and it may safely be stated that his conclusions are closely in accord with those of the vast majority of Americans who have resided in the Islands for any extended period since American occupation and thus have had an opportunity of forming ripe judgments based on close-up, on-the-spot observation and experience. Judge Williams himself came to the Islands in 1900 as Secretary of the Taft Commission—charged by President McKinley with the task of establishing a civil government—later served for a time on the Philippine judiciary, and until recently was a prominent member of the American bar of Manila. He is now practicing law in San Francisco.

With this book the author has brought forth a

story of American achievement that must bring pride to every American who reads it. Few of our compatriots realize the full extent of the material and spiritual uplift labor accomplished by our pioneer countrymen in the Philippines. The record is specific and categorical; it stands out sharply and favorably against Spain's record of three and a half centuries in the Islands, and it was largely made in spite of Filipino indifference or opposition. Yet, as Judge Williams points out, the Filipino spokesmen of today claim for their own people the major credit for these achievements. What Filipino genius actually accomplished when given the chance to demonstrate its caliber, under the Harrison régime, is not so creditable. The two chapters on "The Wrecking of a Government" record an amazing tale of futile American idealism and native ineptness.

Despite the mass of historical and statistical data contained in the book, it is no dry-as-dust narrative; rather is it a vivid and arresting exposition of the human forces that are shaping the destiny of the Filipino people, with the necessary Baedeker material skilfully interwoven. There is, to be sure, a constantly recurring frank, and at times caustic, arraignment of the professional Filipino independence protagonists, whom the author accuses of demagogic ambitions, but he displays a genuine love and solicitude for the "exploited" Filipino masses. He has no great admiration for the Malay race, yet manifests no racial animus, paradoxical as this may seem. His characteristic American altruism, however, will probably not save him from being dubbed a "selfish imperialist." That, as he himself says, is the fate of all conscientious objectors to independence. Considering the obvious intensity of his convictions, his language is temperate and free from invidious personalities. His general attitude is perhaps best expressed in the introduction where he says that "to sound a warning when it is felt that danger threatens, is the act of a friend and not of an enemy." The danger, it appears, is hasty and ill-considered action on the part of Congress with respect to the political status of the Islands.

A chapter on "Independence Propaganda" lays bare the methods and means adopted by the Filipino political leaders to spread the independence doctrine in the United States. Two ex-Congressmen are mentioned as having been involved in the apparently shady business connected with the disbursement of the half-million dollar annual propaganda fund, the legality of which is questioned.

The "Yellow Peril" rears its head insistently and frequently throughout the independence discussion. Arguments and figures are adduced to show that Japan could make use of the Archipelago to good advantage, and the intimation is made that she is fostering the independence movement in the Islands for no other purpose than to place the Filipinos in a position where they would become the rapid, legitimate prey of the Mikado's realm. Evidence is also produced to show that the Filipinos themselves are alive to this possibility, and that the masses would prefer American sovereignty to domination by an Oriental power. Throughout the book frequent use is made of quotations from Filipino newspapers and other authorities, to support the author's views on controversial points.

Not the least valuable portion of the book is the part comprised in the two opening chapters on "The Philippines and the Far East." The heading is rather a misnomer, for the Philippines enter but slightly in the theme actually treated, namely the background of contemporaneous international politics in the Far East. In these forty-two pages is contained as complete, compact and clear a presentation of the sequence of events leading up to and including the present general Far Eastern situation, as can be found anywhere. It is worth several pages in a modern encyclopedia and represents an enormous amount of reading, research and subsequent condensation.

For the purposes of the historian, the book perhaps does not go sufficiently into one or two of the most interesting phases of local Philippine politics. For example, there is no mention of the Ricarte revolutionary movement of 1914, nor is there an adequate account of the Quezon-Camena break of 1921. However, as a graphic, clear, and interesting record of America's work in the Islands during the past quarter century and as a sound study of the political relationship between the home country and the territory, and of the position of the Philippines in relation to the Far Eastern situation in general,

the volume should take a permanent and important place in the hitherto inordinately slim stock of authoritative literature on our largest and most valuable insular possession. Its vast fund of accurate informative matter, its timeliness, its popular style and its sincerity should win for it many readers. It is an indispensable book for the close student of world affairs and should help materially in the clarification of our Philippine problem. It is not difficult to conceive of the volume having a very important effect on our national orientation with respect to the future of the Philippines.

Palmerston and the Crimea

THE TRIUMPH OF LORD PALMERSTON.

By B. KINGSLEY MARTIN. New York: The Dial Press. 1924. \$3.50.

Reviewed by NATHANIEL C. KENDRICK
Harvard University

THE peace negotiations at Versailles and Mr. Wilson's championship of "open covenants openly arrived at" strengthened the complacent supposition of many Americans that unnecessary war is the exclusive contrivance of European diplomats. Mr. Martin's study of the circumstances which led to England's participation in the Crimean War is an attempt to place the responsibility for a war of doubtful justice and still more doubtful necessity on the shoulders of the man in the street rather than on those of the public officials in Downing Street.

It is the author's opinion that the numerous historians who have dealt with the Crimean War have failed to point out adequate cause or object for England's participation. The tag of responsibility has been applied to various individuals but these men have escaped through recourse to the cry of "Blame public opinion," and thus this much abused phrase has become in the writer's words "a final mystery" for it has been treated as the all-sufficing solution of the problem rather than as the element which stands most in need of analysis and clarifying. Mr. Martin sets himself the task of discovering why for a few months there existed in England a public opinion in favor of war and furthermore how this "voice of the people" became translated into the diplomatic voice of the state. How did it come to pass that those in possession of relatively little information were able to dictate a policy to those who were best informed, namely the cabinet; and a cabinet, furthermore, which at first was almost unanimous for peace?

After a concise and impartial *résumé* of the familiar events and negotiations preceding the war, Mr. Martin proceeds to examine the twistings and turnings of ministerial policy in relation to the development of public opinion, and by skilful correlation the one is made to explain the other. A painstaking examination of contemporary newspapers, ranging from the *Times* to the yellow scare-mongers of that day, is the chief means used in tracing the vicious circle by which facts were turned into fancies and fancies into rock-ribbed convictions which finally persuaded all but the most determined apostles of Cobden and Bright that England should take up arms in the cause of justice, personified in the public eye in the person of the admirable Turk.

Terming this course of events "The Triumph of Lord Palmerston" is rather severe on that gentleman, if a literal interpretation is applied. His "sporting" foreign policy favored more bellicose measures than his colleagues desired but these measures had as their declared end peace, not war, and in this sense hostilities spelled failure to Palmerston no less than to Aberdeen. The futile attempt of the British cabinet to achieve peace by juggling the sword and the note simultaneously is effectively and justly criticised by Mr. Martin and he is likewise entitled to find fault with a policy designed to avoid war by threatening it; nevertheless the fact that an indecisive middle course was followed prevents a final judgment on either of the two possible extremes.

The author's careful observation of the critical methods of the sound historian in no wise impairs the unusual attractiveness of his style. It will be welcome when a similar combination is applied to a comprehensive study of the long and varied career of Lord Palmerston, which has remained relatively neglected since the decade following his death. Such a task will require a writer thoroughly conversant with the nineteenth century.

Ethnological Theory

PRIMITIVE RELIGION. By ROBERT H. LOWIE. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1924. \$3.50.

Reviewed by HARTLEY B. ALEXANDER
University of Nebraska

DR. LOWIE'S critiques of ethnological theory, like his contributions from the field, are invariably pertinent and instructive, and in the reviewer's opinion "Primitive Religion" caps his achievement for both of these qualities. It is his best book and a capital work in spite of the fact that, from a certain justifiable angle, it is no book at all. For neither the fact of inclusion in one binding nor that of community of theme and point of regard is quite sufficient to make of a group of studies the sort of a treatise that one can legitimately name "a general introduction to the study of comparative religion," as the publishers here advertise, nor yet a book in other sense than any volume is a book. What Lowie actually gives us here is an assembly of exceedingly interesting and valuable studies, picturesque and critical, in the field of primitive religion, thoroughly justifying their inclusion in their single cover, without the pretense which publishers, and to a degree authors, seem impelled to make in behalf of works of this character.

"Primitive Religion" is divided into three parts. The first is composed of four capital "Synthetic Sketches" of the religious beliefs and practices of the Crow Indians (with whom Lowie has done intimate personal work), of the West African Etoi, following the account of P. A. Talbot, of the Bukaua of New Guinea, based on Lehner and Bamler, and of the Polynesians as a whole, utilizing several authorities. The main idea underlying these sketches is to show that there are vastly significant differences in the religious attitudes of even comparably primitive peoples, and that generalizations of a "primitive" mind or stage that is such in some universal sense are at best purblind. Lowie notes common elements in all these religions, but he also notes that, as he puts it, these common elements are so differently weighted in the religious consciousness of the several groups that the net effect is of distinct frames of the religious mind. Thus, the key to the Crow practices is belief in individual vision, sorcery and witchcraft carry the main burden in the religion of the Etoi, along with a ghost-cult which is much less heavily weighted among the magic-working Bukaua, while formalism, both mythologic and ritualistic, marks the Polynesian. The main point is admirably made: there are religions, dispensations of contrasting character, among the primitive as among the sophisticated peoples of the world.

A second part, having the slenderest dependence upon the preceding, is devoted to three chapters of "Critique of Theories." In the first the animism of Tylor is to a degree rehabilitated in the Tylorean sense, as against its critics; at least, says Lowie, animism ought to mean what Tylor meant it to mean, a "belief in spirits" for the very good reason that this belief is genuine and widespread, and needs a term to distinguish it from other genuine and widespread religious phenomena. As for the genetic theory which underlay Tylor's presentation, that is a different tenet, and something is said for the critical positions of Lang and Father Schmidt. In the chapter on magic Frazer's theories are brought under review, but not for their favor; there is no such dichotomy of magic and devotion as the formalists would discover. Finally the "collectivism" of Durkheim, with its antithesis of the Sacred and the Profane and its leaning to sociological motives for the explanation of religious phenomena, is shown even less favor than Frazer receives, being all but ruled out of the evidence. In each chapter Lowie's criticisms are acute, but they are certainly in no sense an introduction to the theories of the authors discussed, and are not to be intelligently read by one ignorant of these authors.

Finally, we have seven chapters on "Historical and Psychological Aspects" of primitive religion, and here, if anywhere, is Lowie's book. Either of the preceding sections could have been omitted, not without loss, since in themselves they are excellent, the one as a set of pictures, the other as shrewd critique, but certainly without impairing the value of the chapters in which Lowie discusses the several problems which he sees to be involved in his study. The

first is that of the possible value of historical (and by "historical" Lowie means implying evolutionary stages) schemes purporting to picture the actual course of the formation of religions; and this value he deems to be very limited in our present state of information. Next comes a discussion of history and psychology, with the indication of his own very conscious slant toward the latter instrument, even if the two must be used sensibly together. "Woman and Religion" is a special problem for which he asks attention, and with reference to which he suggests a solution that is at first sight bizarre, and which he himself makes only tentative. "Individual Variability" is more competent to its theme than is "Religion and Art," and along with the chapter on "Association" represents Lowie's most ambitious effort to use psychological principles of interpretation. This, in fact, is the crux of his critique: there is a field of study not yet cultivated, and this is the psychology not of the primitive mind but of primitive minds—or perhaps one should say of human minds with the outlook which we choose to define as primitive. One ought to add that Lowie's unflinching commonsense causes him to make ready disposal of extremist psychological explanations; psychiatrics, for example, may be valuable in aiding us to understand the expressions of the neurotic in primitive as in civilized societies, but it is little better than silly to attempt to expound normal religion by the devious methods of psychoanalysis.

Such, in the broad, is the content of Lowie's book. Back of it, or out of it (for it is announced in the introduction and reiterated in the conclusion), appears the author's effort to demark the phenomena which can be called religious, to define religion. His own attitude towards his own attempt at definition, let it be said in justice, is that of one who is loath to make what he feels will no doubt be expected of him; and one must concede that the result rather justifies the reluctance. It is another intellectualist scheme, which will not bear any very close analysis.

My definition, then, is not meant to be an adequate but a minimum definition of the psychological correlates of religion; it merely attempts to disengage the common denominator in all religious phenomena. Like Durkheim I derive this common element from a dichotomy of the universe, but following Maerdt rather than Durkheim, I see this dichotomy not in the arbitrary division of the Sacred from the Profane but in the differential response to normal and abnormal stimuli, in the *spontaneous* distinction thus created between the Natural and the Supernatural, which does not require any pre-existing abstract formulation of "nature." The response is that of amazement and awe; and its source is the Supernatural, Extraordinary, Weird, Sacred, Holy, Divine. Possibly in contradiction from Dr. Söderblom, I am inclined to regard the last three adjectives as denoting an exceedingly common special form of the Extraordinary rather than as quite co-extensive with the Extraordinary as a minimum reality corresponding to the religious sentiment.

The best that can be said for this is that Lowie presents and employs it modestly, and that if it is necessary for the proper definition in his own mind of the field within which he makes so many and wise observations it may be amply forgiven. But subjected to the magnification of reflective thought it will hardly prove less than confusing. What, indeed, is the Extraordinary in human experience? If it have an "exceedingly common special form" it can hardly be the rare; and if the "Sacred, Holy, Divine" are thus common in what sense other than some hypothetical religious one are they to be termed out of the ordinary? Or again, the Supernatural, by what right do we apply such a term to primitive thought, which may make distinctions of common and uncommon, of potent and impotent, of significant and indifferent—just as do we—but which certainly has no share in our highly refined conception of "nature"? The fact appears to be that Lowie is feeling for a behavioristic (and, therefore, let us venture to say it, externalist) definition of religion, with the response of "amazement and awe" as its essential. Amazement, no doubt, is our reaction to the extraordinary; awe is an attitude toward the unintelligible, especially when it seems powerful to affect our destinies; and these are surely elements in religious frames of mind. But by what right, pray, can they be regarded as responses to the "abnormal," or how define the multifarious attitudes of religion even behavioristically? The reviewer ventures to suggest that both Dr. Lowie and his readers should call to mind once again James's description of the *varieties* of religious experience.

An American Statesman

DAVID WILMOT, FREE-SOILER. By CHARLES BUXTON GOING. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1924. \$6.00.

Reviewed by WILLIAM MACDONALD

EVERYBODY who has studied American history in school or college has heard of the Wilmot proviso, and has read in the textbook that the author of the proviso was a Democratic Congressman from Pennsylvania, that the proviso aimed to exclude slavery from any territory that might be purchased from Mexico as spoils of the Mexican War, and that after being several times offered it failed. Beyond these few facts even the larger comprehensive histories tell us little about Wilmot himself. Mr. Going, whose search for material seems to have been commendably thorough, has apparently recovered all that is important to know about a career of notable public service, and in so doing has made a valuable addition to the still short list of practically definitive American biographies. The volume also preserves the more important of Wilmot's speeches and public addresses, some in extracts in the body of the text and others in full in an appendix.

Wilmot's activities as a public man lay on the border line between politics and statesmanship. His efforts to prevent the territorial extension of slavery showed a clear perception of the direction in which public opinion was eventually to go, at the same time that his practical political sense led him naturally to spend much time with the petty quarrels and business of party organization and work. Elected to Congress from Pennsylvania in 1844, at the early age of thirty, after a stiff fight, he was at once put forward by his friends as the designated successor of Buchanan in the Senate when the latter's term should expire. Buchanan, however, had the support of the Harrisburg machine, and when he resigned his seat in the Senate in 1845 to become Secretary of State in Polk's Cabinet, it was Simon Cameron and not Wilmot who replaced him. As a member of the House Wilmot took a prominent part in securing the legislation which organized the Smithsonian Institution, supported the establishment of the subtreasury system, broke with the Pennsylvania delegation in advocating the low tariff of 1846, and urged the imposition of a direct tax. The political aggressions of slavery, at which the famous proviso, first introduced in 1846, was directed, made him a Free-Soiler, and in the Free-Soil campaign of 1848 he was to be found organizing his state for Van Buren. Before long he was a Republican, drafting the platform of the first national convention of that party in 1856, running for governor of Pennsylvania on a forlorn hope in 1857 to strengthen the Republican movement there, and serving as temporary chairman of the convention which in 1860 nominated Lincoln.

The offer of a seat in Lincoln's first Cabinet was declined because of Wilmot's ambition to enter the Senate, and after meeting temporary defeat at the hands of Cameron he was elected a Senator in 1861. Thereafter his support was given to Lincoln and to Republican policies generally. The climax of his political career, in substance if not in form, came in 1865, when the adoption of the Thirteenth Amendment engrafted upon the Constitution the anti-slavery principle for which he had fought, and for connection with which his name had become for his own generation a household word. He had already retired from the Senate, however, and from 1863 to 1868 was one of the judges of the United States Court of Claims.

Mr. Going rejects entirely the recent claim that the Wilmot proviso was in fact the work of Judge Brinkerhoff, a Democratic Congressman from Ohio, and that Wilmot's connection with it was that of sponsor and advocate. The Brinkerhoff claim seems to rest upon the possession by Brinkerhoff of the "original draft" of the proviso, and the reported deposit of the document, after his death in 1880, with the Library of Congress. According to Mr. Going, "there is no such document in the Library of Congress, and so far as the records of that library show, there never has been"; there is, however, confirmatory testimony that the deposit was made, and Spofford, long the Librarian of Congress, is authority for the statement that the document was stolen.

The BOWLING GREEN

Rewards—and Fairies

THE *Manchester Guardian's* London correspondent tells a story of a young officer commanding a machine-gun outpost. He was cut off from his own lines in one of the German pushes, and the last words that came over the phone were: "All done in except the sergeant and me. Four rounds of ammunition left, but the gun's jammed. Don't expect anything showy."

You won't expect anything showy from the Green in regard to its brief adventures in England. Particularly not from this quiet room in King's Beach Walk. I sit in a friend's chambers in the Inner Temple, looking out toward the winged horse on the spire of the Hall. My host himself, one of a family whose genius consists of intuition without exclamation, is a master of shrewd statement—not so much understatement as innerstatement. I don't know whether you saw his description (in the *Guardian*) of Conrad's funeral: of the strange feelings caused by the cortège which moved through a town dripping with flags (it was Canterbury's annual festival week) so that the colors J. C. had honored almost touched the hearse as it passed; and how the coffin was lowered into clean whiteness, the graveyard being on Kentish chalk. Those are the things that my host sees, and sends nightly over the wire to Manchester, to the paper that many of us have always believed one of the few really great journals.

So the courts and buildings of the Temple justly move one toward a decency of thrifty words. There is nothing showy about the stone behind the church with the plain words "Here lies Oliver Goldsmith." The porter with his top hat, the under-porter in his brown and yellow robe, are perhaps a little more spectacular, but they have their dignity too. In the building where Lamb was born there is a broken window-pane, which report ascribes to some humorist with a pea-shooter who besieged Sinclair Lewis there when Lewis was working on "Martin Arrowsmith." Perhaps the pane has been left unended as a delicate tribute to American literature. That would be like the Temple's gracious and humorous ways. The only accent of doubt that I have heard was in the gently questioning voice of H. M. T., with whom I went prowling an afternoon. We visited All Hallows, Barking (a church where Mr. Gissing would have gladly been lay reader), and admired the Thames-side pubs and warehouses of Wapping and Stepney. We couldn't enter the Turk's Head (run by a Mr. Gulliver) or the Town of Ramsgate or other famous inns, as they are closed in the afternoon; but we poked about the old docks where Conrad used to tie up; and then H. M. T. said suddenly "What does one of your professors mean when he says Miss Soandso's books 'reek with cerebration'?"

Perhaps the best thing written about England lately is Karel Capek's delicious series of articles in—yes, again—the *Manchester Guardian*, called "How it Feels to be in England." Capek, of course, has the advantage of being a real foreigner; what, among us, would be esteemed too lavish sentiment, seems in a foreign voice delightful, subtle naïveté. At any rate he has put down, and illustrated with quaint drawings, the soft disturbances of his mind, the things we all feel—such as the beauty of London policemen, the honorable silence of clubrooms, the doomed shrubbiness of English trees, the strongly satisfying bulk of English food. These thrillingly perceptive memoranda of his will surely (I hope) be published in book form, for we cannot have too much of that sort of thing. Most visitors succumb to the comfortable grace of England, and accept it; but Capek, with the poet's trouble in his mind, has tried to peer into that grace and see that she is enchanting because she is really bewitched. Here more than anywhere, I suppose, it was really doubtful whether men or fairies should have empire. By this time, some of the elves have been smoked out, yet I saw two goblins last night—two little misshapen costers, a man and a woman, dancing in the Strand. The man in his tweed cap, the girl, a lumpish bundle of skirts, footed it on

the pavement in a kind of fiercely solemn reel, and no one seemed to pay any heed. And on a dock-bridge in Wapping we saw a group of old Jewish women gathered about a still older one who was reading some Oriental scriptures aloud. She droned and keened in a wailing chant, an ecstasy of despair; the others huddled round her and wiped their eyes as they listened. The scene of merriment, the scene of penance, both were invasions from some strange world I have not known and can never know—which is what I mean by fairyland. And why, if not to put the fear of the good old English God into the hearts of the fairies, should the Strand churchbells make strange jangle towards twilight on Sundays? There is no one on Fleet Street then but newspaper men; and newspaper men and elves have much in common. It was a newspaper man who left the backdoor open (in Kensington Gardens) and allowed so many of the fey people to slip in again.

The emblem of strange magic is upon so many things in England. You go to St. Pancras to take a train for Manchester, and you find a beautiful crimson locomotive on which are painted a thistle, a rose and a dragon's wing. You go sailing on the Thames, in a dinghy, between Chiswick and Barnes, and in the tawny sunset (sunset in London, like port wine, are of two kinds: the *tawny* and the *ruby*) a factory chimney is sending up a plume of lavender-colored smoke. And in Manchester itself, there is a man who polishes the brass nameplate of a big clothing store—or should I say a "draper's shop"? He has moustaches that spike out six inches on each side, gummed and stiffened so that birds could perch on them. He will tell you, if you admire the clothing dummy in the window, that it was modelled after Carpenter, the Frenchman, and cost a hundred guineas. (I wonder if Georges draws a royalty on his effigies that are so popular in shop-windows?) And there is the waiter at the Cheshire Cheese, who brings you a platter saying "This is our lark pie, sir." On its back in the platter is a bird lying decently stark, its claws curled up and hooked in its beak. It seems a rather large and gaudy lark, you think—a skylark stained by a Wapping sunset, perhaps—and then you see the creature's dark ink-drop eye ribaldly conning you. It is the Cheese's famous parrot: he has been there 38 years, and this is one of his tricks. The same fowl, on Armistice Night, roused to frenzy by the celebration, repeated three hundred times his imitation of a cork being pulled, and fell in a swoon.

Of course, I have not proved it (it cannot be proved) but it seems plain to me that in England the fairies put up a grand struggle before they were beaten; and they have left their mark on their conquerors. A man who has fought with them has strange carvings on his face. I saw Dean Inge, for instance, cutting the steak pudding by candle-light, the night the Pudding Season opened at the Cheshire Cheese. He had a delightfully wry smile as the flashlights kept popping off—the Cheese takes good care that these events get into the illustrated papers—as though some Puck was telling him that Doctor Johnson would have been sorry to find the Cheese so keen for publicity. "Ye oldē flashlyghtē and ye oldē electrick fan," Mr. Muirhead Bone kept humorously exclaiming as he noted these features of the ancient inn.

England expects every American to do his duty: which is to see, and exult in, those miraculous accidents of beauty that have made her life so precious. To read the names and addresses in the visitors' book at the Cheshire Cheese, will show you how loyally our docile countrymen obey. But often we find the things that are loveliest and flashlit by sudden blazes of innocent irony. It is the fairies who do it: it is their last revenge.

Perhaps, after all, they haven't really been beaten. I saw Sir James Barrie's windows lighted above Adelphi Terrace last night: how I should have liked to ask him. Certainly, twice, riding in taxis, the driver forgot to start his meter until we were half way there: that never happened to me before, and argues magic. And in Brixton there is a wine merchant (you can verify this in the London phone book) whose name is

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Egyptian Antiquities

CATALOGUE OF EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES, Nos. 1-160: Gold and Silver Jewelry and Related Objects. By CAROLINE RANSOM WILLIAMS. New York: New York Historical Society. 1924.

Reviewed by H. E. WINLOCK,
Metropolitan Museum of Art

IT is deplorable that we have no equivalent term for *catalogue raisonné* in our language, and that in default of it such a book as this may possibly never be opened by many who will prejudice it on the strength of its forbidding title. Among those who know her work, however, Mrs. Williams's name on the cover will be sufficient proof that this is more than a mere catalogue in the ordinary sense of the word. She has the enviable reputation of getting to the root of any problem which she tackles and on this occasion she has outdone even herself in following every ramification to its minutest end. She has gone farther afield in this study of Egyptian jewelry and metallurgy than any other writer who has preceded her and in her explorations in related fields she has amassed a veritable treasure of references to works which will be new to every other student of Egyptian archaeology.

The book has an encyclopedic quality and yet thanks to that very rare thing, a really exhaustive index, it is easy to find one's way around in it. For a student looking for facts on such a class of ornaments as ear-rings or finger-rings there are enlightening discussions of their history and use, and for one studying the subject of Egyptian jewelry in general there is an invaluable chronological list of all the outstanding pieces in modern collections with references to the books in which they can be studied to best advantage. Should the reader be in search of information on the still broader subject of the origin and use of metals in ancient Egypt, he, too, will find the most thorough and authoritative review of modern knowledge yet published on the Egyptian's sources and treatment of gold, silver, and copper and a survey, as well, of their mines of turquoise and the other semi-precious stones.

But the field in which the book is even more remarkable is that of the processes of the ancient jeweler's craft. An archaeologist is faced with the really impossible task of describing every phase of an entire ancient life and many an author who is far from being a natural jack of all trades has written of ancient navigation or primitive weaving with complete assurance—and the utter ignorance of one who does not know a bow-sprit from a shuttle. Fortunately archaeology is outgrowing such amateurishness with the introduction of the methods of the laboratory for practical tests of its theories, and in Mrs. Williams's book one will find a brilliant example of the newer science.

In her investigation of ancient processes of manufacture she has had highly skilled help and from some of the leading jewelers of New York, the most generous co-operation. Thus when she writes of drawn wire, of moulded metal or of die-struck pieces she writes from the point of view of the practical craftsman, and she is even able to instruct the modern craftsman in the art of ancient granulated work, a type of gold work from Egypt, and later from Greece and Etruria, which has deserved the name of lost art if any has. Mrs. Williams has gone into the question of its production minutely—and this is literally true for she has worked with a microscope and illustrated her book with microphotographs. Starting with the modern imitations made by the Castellanis and others she has shown that skilful as they have been, their incrustations applied in solder have lacked the delicacy of antique work. The experience of modern imitators and her own

exhaustive experiments having demonstrated the futility of the obvious method of soldering, she has tried fusing the metal and under her own direction has had duplicated the most minute ancient work exactly. The lost art has thus been reduced to merely a remarkably deft manipulation of the blow-pipe.

Approaching her subject from such a purely objective viewpoint, Mrs. Williams inspires her reader with complete confidence in her treatment of a forgery in the collection. The object is a necklace which purported to have belonged to the shadowy king Menes who ruled 6,000 years ago. Needless to say a link with the very origins of civilization should be one of the marvels of archaeology and as such this necklace was held by the fathers of science in the early Nineteenth Dynasty. That their opinion was uncritical was later realized by Maspero who, while supposing the piece ancient, declared it not more than 3,000 years old—a half way measure with a vengeance. It has remained to Mrs. Williams to lop off the remaining 3,000 years and show the object up as the fraud that it is.

Her frankness is of great scientific usefulness, disconcerting though it is to learn that successful forgeries were perpetrated nearly a century ago. One usually imagines that in those days Egyptian antiquities must have been so inexhaustible that counterfeiting would not have paid, but Mrs. Williams quotes contemporary complaints that an embargo laid by Mohammed Ali on the antiquity trade was making such a shortage in the market that falsifiers were flourishing. It is amusing to read, too, another story that has survived in Egypt for the past two centuries at least. As Mrs. Williams quotes it from a French tourist of the forties, an Englishman searching for a mummy as a souvenir of his Nile trip, had palmed off on him the dried corpse of a compatriot who had died shortly before. In the Eighteenth Century much the same story broke up the flourishing Alexandrine trade in mummies for pill-making by European quack doctors, and just before the War the same tale was still going the rounds in Cairo about a very well-known archaeologist and a prehistoric mummy in a famous European museum. It is a grim and hardy joke that seems to appeal to generation after generation of the fellahin.

The Egyptian antiquities in the Historical Society's possession had a certain reputation among archaeologists when Dr. Abbott had them in his house in Cairo eighty years ago. At that time some of the objects were described and others were drawn, and from the early works they have been passed along to some of the more recent ones. Otherwise the collection has remained practically unknown to the later generations of Egyptologists. That the collection should once more become available to students not only in America, but in Europe and Egypt as well, is something to be hoped for in the interest of science, and the Historical Society's enlightened attitude in making this brilliant beginning will unquestionably receive appreciation abroad as well as at home.

And at home this book should find a use among a broader class than the professional students. America contains a surprising number of small pieces of Egyptian jewelry brought home by tourists from the Nile and their owners will do better to go to Mrs. Williams's pages than to any other authority for an opinion upon their genuineness or their date. This catalogue contains 525 items, none of which is expensive, all of which are desirable, and all of which are in the right condition. If any of our readers want to see what a little money can do in buying modern first editions we advise them to send for this catalogue.

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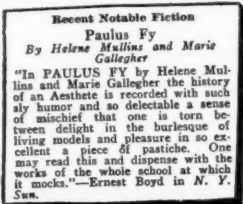
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Foreign Literature

Post-War Text Books

ENQUETE SUR LES LIVRES SCOLAIRES D'APRES GUERRE. Paris: Centre Européen de la Donation Carnegie. 1924.

Reviewed by GISELA ADAMS.

UNDER this unpretentious title one of the most tremendous problems is discussed by European scholars. The question is what the European youth is learning after the war? Does Europe continue to feed its rising generations with jingo propaganda or is the European youth taught to work for international harmony and for cooperation among the nations? Are the world war and the achievements of the armies of one's country glorified and the enemy scorned? Are the young folks taught to nurture the idea of a war of revenge against the victor? No doubt, such questions as these are of vital importance for international peace.

The Carnegie Peace Foundation had delegated a committee consisting of European scholars whose task it was to analyze the text books of a number of European countries with a view to determining their attitude toward problems of international importance. This survey was confined, initially, to the text books of elementary and secondary schools. The cardinal idea of the survey was to ascertain what influence the war and the post-armistice period had on the historic conception of the authors of the text books of history and whether there is any hope of making these books the instrument of international understanding.

Naturally, the greatest importance attaches to the survey of the German school books. It was very often charged during the war that the German "school masters" were responsible for that hypertrophied patriotism which, the enemies of Germany asserted, was one of the characteristic traits of the German youth. Two scholars, who addressed this problem, went deeply into the *psyché* of the German school masters as it is manifested in the text books.

Unfortunately for the idea of peace, German schools are too poor to replace some of the antiquated pre-war text books by modern histories. The result is that even today a great number of the German youth are taught the patriotic rhapsodies of the Kaiserdom. Their books are full of eulogies of the glorious House of the Hohenzollerns and of the Junker world-supremacy, which is to come.

The situation is even worse, at least in some cases, where the text books were brought up to date. Incredible as it may sound, there are many school books in the German Republic which denounce the republican form of government as treacherous. Of course, such books are glorifying the German war leaders as well as the idea of a merciless U-boat war. Nothing short of the return of the Hohenzollerns, the execution of the republican "traitors," and the continuation of the war would satisfy these fire-eater Junkers.

Obviously, such super-jingo text books can be published only in defiance of the laws of the republic. Article 148 of the German Imperial Constitution prescribes that public education must emphasize the necessity of reconciliation among the nations. Some of the member states of the German Confederation have put drastic laws on their statute books which prohibit the teaching of doctrines that may be detrimental to the idea of international brotherhood. Alas, as things are in Germany nowadays Munich does not care much what the German Constitution says whenever Bavarian reaction has an opportunity of inciting to hatred against the "enemy," internal and external alike.

The picture drawn by Professor Prud'hommeaux of the trend of ideas as presented in the French text books of history is almost as disconsolate as the portrait of the German conditions. Amazingly great is the number of those French text books whose authors seem to be desirous of perpetuating the war spirit of hatred. For them the Germans are the incarnation of the Devil who cannot and must not be trusted in any case. But, at the same time, it is promising that a new movement is afoot in France advocating the elimination from the teaching of history of all material likely to arouse in the pupil a feeling of contempt toward other nations. Some of the apostles of the new idea go so far as to propose the abolition of history teaching in the elementary schools, arguing that only such a radical measure could prevent the spreading of anti-social and pro-war ideas among the youth.

Credit is given in the present volume to the authors of the Italian text books of history. They seem to have risen to the appreciation of the importance of the moment by calling the attention of the youth to the damaging effects of war, both from the material and spiritual point of view and by extolling the advantages of peace. In the Italian text books, the former enemy is not the ogre he is in many of the German and French books.

Another contributor to the present volume finds that the English text books are rather dispassionate, and that in Great Britain considerable progress has been made toward a broader international aspect of history writing. "England as a trading nation must be on friendly terms with all the nations of the earth if she desires to prosper"—this is the general tenor of the English history books with only a few exceptions of dihard nationalism.

It is refreshing to note from this volume that serious efforts are being made all over the world with a view to exterminating the nuisance of jingo text books. Teachers and pedagogues are devising ways and means by which a certain "international-mindedness" can be inculcated into the youth of school age. One of the most interesting experiments along these lines is the introduction of an international history in all schools of Europe. The text of this history book, which would be uniform in all countries, would be compiled by a board of scholars noted for their advocacy of peace. Another suggestion is that the League of Nations should have a decisive voice in this question so that the youth of Europe shall be protected from the evil concomitant with the teaching of hatred toward other nations.

Foreign Notes

A YEAR ago there was inaugurated in Florence, by a very representative international committee, a book fair that awakened a great deal of interest throughout Europe and that brought together many thousands of scholars and students from every part of the world. All the publishers of Europe participated and many of the great libraries loaned their ancient and beautiful volumes and manuscripts. It was in every way a magnificent cultural success as well as a great exhibition of almost medieval quality in its splendor. Remarkable editions of beautiful books published by new groups of art publishers were on exhibition from remote and unexpected countries. The Polish exhibition was a great surprise, as was also the Finnish.

The next Fair will be held a year from now and the exhibition and institutional arrangements and lectures accompanying it will last over a period of six months. The exhibition committee have invited the publishers of all lands to participate in the Second International Book Fair. It is open to all who issue books, as well as to printers, authors, scientific and literary institutes; but it is of course understood that they only exhibit what they have themselves produced. As before, the Fair will be arranged according to nations, and books may also be sold, wherefore it is suggested that all exhibitors should, in their own interest, arrange their exhibits in such a manner that the public can easily examine the wares exposed on counters or shelves, it being understood that they provide adequate service for supervision, sale, and giving of information. The interests of art, of culture, and of commerce, should be equally considered, and with this end in view all prospective Italian and foreign exhibitors, on a date to be later decided, will be invited to meet together in Florence to discuss their common interests and problems.

This modern Book Fair will form the nucleus, either in the same premises or close by, of other exhibitions bearing upon its main scope. There will be an International Exhibition of various Schools of Typography and Book Production, of interest to all who desire to follow the progress achieved by the Art of the Book, especially from an aesthetic point of view. Technical progress will be seen in another international section, namely an Exhibition of Graphic Machinery, to which the makers of all printing machines are invited to send their latest and most perfect models.

Alfred Valette, editor and publisher of the *Mercure de France*, runs his journal entirely without the use of telephones. All transactions are by personal interview or mail.

(Continued on next page)



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Poets in War and Peace

By ROBERT GRAVES

IT is a curious thing, but the English habit is so strong in me that I find myself blushing to mention the War. I wonder whether it has also happened in America, that the conventions about discussing the Late Great are the same as regulate the mention of the euphemistically called Facts of Life. It may be emotionally and personally discussed behind closed doors between intimates, preferably at night; or it may be written about impersonally and historically in a three to five-dollar textbook complete with maps and appendices. But any other treatment is considered vulgar, anti-social and disgusting. I do not know how far America saw the ugliest side of War but two at least out of every three Englishmen between the ages of twenty-four and forty-six went overseas and don't like to be reminded of their journey; nor do their women folk, who often suffered mentally worse than they, still less do those who were not seriously engaged because though they may now look back on the War as an instance of collective madness, their dominant feeling during the War-period was one of self-loathing because for one reason or another, they could not take any part themselves in the general suicide. I have noticed at our local Armistice celebrations, which are of a Good Friday glumness, that though the ex-service men respect the King's desire and wear their medals, nine out of every ten keep them buttoned up inside their great coats.

Still it is a historic fact that the War was fought, that the established English poets continued to write poetry during that period and after, and that a rival group of new writers became suddenly established in popular favour largely because being soldiers they were closer to those experiences which at the time were the most important things in national life. What I want to do is principally to discuss what happened to the established poets of peace during the War, and what has happened to the poets of the War since the peace.

To start with the Grand Old Men. We have two in particular, although America is popularly acquainted with one of these, Mr. Thomas Hardy; the other is Mr. Charles Doughty, known to a few collectors and other well-informed persons as author of the terrific travel-book "Arabia Deserta" but practically unknown as a poet; and yet he is our last, and posterity may decide our greatest, epic-writer. "Last" for at least a few hundred years, because the entire system of thought and religion that his epics celebrate has now generally collapsed; and any new system needs centuries to rise, mature and decay decently.

Mr. Hardy took the War most practically as he would; he much enjoyed, for instance, being chairman of the anti-profiteering tribunal and heavily fining such tradesmen of his ancient home-town as came up before him. And he wrote at least two memorable poems, one at the very beginning, "Men That March Away," in which he asks "What of the faith and fire within you?" and the other later one beginning

*Only a man harrowing clouds
In a slow silent coak,
With an old horse that stumbles and nods
Half asleep as they stalk.*

But in the earlier poem no particular answer is indicated, and in the later one he is insisting how small and incidental any war or dynastic succession is beside the long tradition of the soil. To be plain, Mr. Hardy was not much impressed by the War: in fact to him "The War" still has only one meaning, and that is the Napoleonic War in which it might be said (but unfairly, for Mr. Hardy is not like this) that "The Dynasts" have given him a proprietary interest. Certainly he did not get the War Mind, and that is an important contributory reason for his present position as our unwreathed but tacitly acknowledged Master Poet. Mr. Doughty did get the War Mind, but not in any vulgar way because his spirit in comparison with any ordinary life-size one, is about a thousand feet high and proportionately wide. But as once before in the Boer War when he published with the "Army and Navy Stores" a small and now excessively rare volume, "A Call to Arms," of which five or six copies were sold and the remainder have disappeared, he was all patriotism. This is his

*Bodye of round shot
Thunder'd from Mount Helicott*

at the German Emperor:

*Who set them on? A mountebank crim-
inal, crowned
Regent himself esteeming on World's
ground
Of the All-Mighty Upholder of the Uni-
verse.
From of his Tamerlanish countenance
Deemed he, helmed, strutting forth, should
quell West World.
World's Crime, this long time cherished,
he hugged close,
... His coxcomb visage and enormous
deeds.*

If this was Mr. Doughty, what of Dr. Bridges, Sir William Watson, Mr. Edmund Gosse and others of a poetic spirit less or much less tremendous? Dr. Bridges in an elegy on his fellow-Etonians killed in the Boer War once sternly rated those rude Dutch peasants for daring to shoot down, even in defense of their homes, so noble a company of Galahads; but the Late Great being a more serious national crisis he naturally was even more bitter in his condemnation of the Germans. But he wrote a fine poem about Nelson riding in air over darkened London, and when the war ended he had sufficient elasticity of mind to recant the perpetual hate he had vowed against the foe and even incurred a good deal of press-made unpopularity because of the quickness of his forgiveness. Other poets of his generation hated no less heartily than he, but have only recently recovered themselves. Perhaps Sir William Watson wallowed worse — (this alliteration is intended to express the depth of his wallowing) than any of the elder bards. There was that strange poem of his that appeared in the *Times* when Lord Northcliffe owned it: it celebrated the three great Alfreds who had in turn glorified England. The first, King Alfred of the Cakes; the second King Alfred Tennyson of the "Idylls," the third, King Alfred Northcliffe of the *Daily Mail*, *Times*, *Comic Cuts*, *Butterfly* and other influential and patriotic journals. Perhaps Mr. Rudyard Kipling had most dignity in his hate because the least conscious of personal danger.

The poets of the middle generation reacted in very different ways. For the most part they avoided hate and produced somewhat grandiose elegies or odes on the subject of national or personal grief and pride. Mr. Laurence Binyon wrote one admired poem in very strict free-verse on the noise of guns heard a long, long way off. Mr. W. H. Davies, Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie, Mr. Gordon Bottomley, Mr. James Stephens and Mr. Masfield did not mention the War at all, so far as I can discover; but Mr. Wilfrid Gibson wrote realistic war-poetry giving a very faithful account of trench-fighting in which physical reasons debarred him from taking part. Mr. De la Mare alone in his book "Motley" published just at the end of the War, made protest against the futility of war: and was roundly abused by patriots though the protest was timid enough.

The poetry written by actual soldiers is perhaps too familiar for discussion, but we may remind ourselves of one or two outstanding facts usually overlooked: that Rupert Brooke saw many warlike scenes but no actual fighting, that Mr. Robert Nichols with the best of intentions, only saw three weeks' service in France and this on a quiet sector with the artillery; that of the other poets with reputations as War-poets not more than four or five including Mr. Siegfried Sassoon, Wilfred Owen who was killed just before the Armistice; Edmund Blunden and Herbert Read bore the heat and burden of the War; and that these unanimously vilified rather than celebrated the War: but that of these only Siegfried Sassoon published while the War was still on.

There were several prominent younger poets who first began writing while soldiers, though saying little or nothing about the War: Isaac Rosenberg and Charles Sorley were killed, making with Owen the three least calculable losses to English poetry: W. J. Turner (but he never went overseas) Osbert and Sacheverell Sitwell, Frank Prewett and one or two more have survived.

Anyhow, the War did end and the established elder poets have since pursued their level literary courses, but what has happened to the younger men? "Oh," it is usual to say, "they fizzled out, their war-poetry was a mere journalistic flash in the pan. They hadn't it in them, really." But I feel rather as if the war

generation has the stuff all right and should to-day be producing something of considerable importance, only most of them are dead and the rest stunned by the violence of their experiences. What might Charles Sorley not be doing now who died at twenty but could think independently enough to write on hearing of Brooke's death:

Rupert Brooke is far too obsessed with his own sacrifice; regarding the going to war of himself (and others) as a highly intense, remarkable and sacrificial exploit, whereas it is merely the conduct demanded of him (and others) by the turn of circumstances, where non-compliance with this demand would have made life intolerable. He has clothed his attitude in fine words: but he has taken the sentimental attitude.

And what of Rosenberg, the poor White-chapel Jew, author of the astonishing "Moses," who had in him the stuff of six ordinary poets? Of the survivors who fought none that I know are yet wholly recovered from their experiences: one or two are drawing permanent government pensions for wounds or neurasthenia, one at least is in a mad-house and last week sent me some terrible poems showing that he has not yet even begun to rid himself of the War nightmare.

I do not think that America has properly appreciated Edmund Blunden's pastorals which won him fame over here just after the War; and the reason is largely I think that America does not need the pastoral medicine as we do. What Louis Untermeyer and other American critics have found soft or trivial in Georgianism has been a necessary stage of recovery after the violence of say, Sassoon's "Counter Attack" and Herbert Read's "Naked Warriors." I don't deny that some Georgians who are naturally soft and will always remain soft, have profited by this fashion, but I do say that a great many Georgian poems of childhood and nature and rural sentiment can only be understood as poetry of war-consequence. And the more serious poetic movement of which I spoke is now again gradually starting among the younger men: Frank Prewett, Herbert Read, Sacheverell Sitwell are all publishing poetry this year. And Siegfried Sassoon is by no means the extinct volcano that he pretends to be.

But these younger poets are all forced by convention to button up their War-medals inside their great coats, and this naturally cramps their style, because whether they wrote about the War while it was on or whether they didn't, it was the most eventful period of their lives and still provides the standard of emotional intensity for judging any new experiences either in poetry or in practical life.

Foreign Notes

(Continued from preceding page)

The library of the late Lord Avebury (Sir John Lubbock) is among the announcements of forthcoming sales to be held by Hodgson's in London.

Canon M. A. Dodds, vicar of Chilvers Coton, Nuneaton, the parish church of which is the "Shepperton Church" in George Eliot's "Scenes of Clerical Life," writes in his parish magazine:—

"Here, below the level of the churchyard, everything suffers from damp. For eight months of the year there has been water in the cellar every day, and because of the level of the sewers the water has had to be pumped out. The woodwork is affected, missionary boxes in my study have dropped to pieces, and only this morning I have wiped mould from the covers of a number of my books. I may be pardoned for feeling that a house which has served for 300 years is a little out of date and for failing to find much satisfaction in inhabiting a George Eliot relic."

The Bodleian Library and the Library of the United Grand Lodge of England have just been enriched by the acquisition, the former by purchase, the latter by presentation, of a large number of MSS., mainly in the handwriting of Dr. William Stukeley, the famous antiquarian, who relinquished the practice of medicine and entered the Church. Both collections are of masonic interest. The Bodleian purchase consists of 20 volumes, practically entirely in Stukeley's handwriting, of his diary, much of which has been transcribed and published by the Surtees Society.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

BRIGHTER INTERVALS. By GORDON PHILLIPS. Holt. 1924. \$2.

Mr. Phillips writes humorous prose of the type that *Punch* has always fostered. He has, however, contributed the largest share of the material that forms this volume and the *Manchester Guardian*. His pen-name is "Lucio." He reminds slightly of A. P. Herbert, particularly in the more boisterous "Salad Days," which caused us to win glares from other occupants of the same car of a train that had just passed Port Chester. We always forget the loudness of our own laughter.

The only criticism we have of Mr. Phillips' book is his flight of imagination in regard to the state of Texas. He says, "It was Mr. George V. Rotan who did it. He comes from Texas." Yes, we know; we went to college with George. He was a good golfer even then. But just because George went to England with the American golf contingent and appeared in plus form, and demonstrated his prowess through the fair green, one should not infer that a Texan, even if completely won to Eastern ways, would ever speak of "sheep-skins and shooters." This isn't Western lingo, or even Southwestern. "Sheep-skins" are "shaps" and a six-shooter is a "gun." And you can't mix up steers and bowie-knives and "coal-black mammals" that way, except in a fantasia. True, Mr. Phillips, assisted by Mr. Rotan, has evolved from his inner consciousness—or, as we say nowadays—from "the unconscious," a fantasia of Texas, and we are like to put ourselves in a class with those who objected to his interpretation of the Daddy-Long-Legs—but, then, we're so impulsive!

However, when "Lucio" interlards his prose with adaptations of great poetry in the interest of the saveloy, or quotes a quite apocryphal bit of Meredith or Chesterton, we are decidedly with him. When he discusses "Automatic Machines" in such neatly chiselled phrase as

If you or I, Egeria, loomed so large in the securing sunshine as does that lady, a weighing-machine is the last think we should care to have used as evidence against us.

We can commend his style. And our heart beats close to his in the discussion of coke and peat as fuel, in his sympathetic commendation of Rupert, the dwarf-oak, and in his instructions for laying down a cellar ("How dear to my heart—etc.!")

As to verse, Mr. Phillips displays a very pretty ability therein and a pleasing ingenuity in the development of a text from the daily press. He is very neat; and in "The Country of the Blind," the last stanzas in the book, he kicks an "Old Etonian" and his supporters' most deftly, and quite deservedly, in the shins; just after an understanding paper on "What the devil is a man to do?" All of which reveals a most attractive nature.

"Brighter Intervals" is rich in variety, fashioned with the precise touch of cultivated semi-lunacy that makes the best English humor so regaling. We ourselves would rather read "this sort of thing" than any quantum of "significant" books. For we feel it even more significant—the fact that, thank God!, the prolonged seriousness of human affairs can still invite suggestions and comments so acutely amusing. Therefore, be it moved and seconded that Mr. Phillips is a new humorist we heartily welcome to these apparently United States.

Biography

THE LIFE OF JOHN W. DAVIS. By THEODORE A. HUNTLEY. Edited, with a Compilation of Speeches, by Horace Green. Duffield. 1924. \$2.50.

Here is a specimen of campaign biography sound and up to date. At a brisk and exhilarating pace Mr. Huntley, Washington correspondent of the *Pittsburgh Post*, leads us in outline through the life of the Democratic candidate for President. Nor is it bare outline, dressed only in tufts of artificial verbiage, after the long-tolerated custom in such cases. The facts are rounded out with genuine human anecdote and coloring gathered from many sources, making the subject live and breathe as a man. A canvass of Clarksburg, for instance, has garnered many stories of the candidate's boyhood and youth, not heretofore published, and many naively expressed opinions of him by early acquaintances, the heart-

ness and variety of which pay tribute to his versatility. We learn much of Mr. Davis's two terms in Congress, and brilliant five years as Solicitor General.

Mr. Huntley, by the way, is the man to whom Mr. Davis wrote a widely quoted letter last March, stating his unwillingness as a lawyer to trim his sails in any way, for reasons politically expedient. "What is life worth, after all, if one has no philosophy of his own to live it by? If one surrenders this to win an office, what will he live by after the office is won? Tell me that!" These are 140 "meaty" and entertaining pages, "pounded off" in breezy newspaper style, refreshingly free from hyperbole and glowing generality. Hence Mr. Huntley's book will not grimace from its shelf at the future "browser" in second-hand bookshops, a grotesque curiosity out of the past, born of apologetic excitement and distorted hero-worship.

A hundred and fifty pages of Mr. Davis's own graceful, widely informed, and eminently quotable speeches, are appended, edited by Horace Green. Many of these soar above and beyond the occasion on which they were spoken, in their controlled imagination and sky-clear expression suggesting Woodrow Wilson. They alone would make this volume one of enduring interest.

Education

EXPERIMENTAL PRACTICE IN THE CITY AND COUNTRY SCHOOL. Edited by CAROLINE PRATT. Dutton. \$2.50.

Fiction

THE MYSTERY OF THE OPAL. By RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND. Philadelphia: Jacobs. 1924.

This may be called a flounder of a story: palatable but without distinction. It is mysterious enough, opening properly with a good murder, and involving stolen treasures, the relentless pursuit of the flounder-eating villain by the stern, silent avenger, and a pleasantly spectacular clean-up. It has, after all, a certain distinction in that it holds no detective: nearly every one has a hand in unravelling the puzzle. It moves well enough, and will hold the attention of the tired business man.

GREAT DETECTIVE STORIES. Edited by JOSEPH LEWIS FRENCH. Dial. 1924.

This volume from the Dial Press includes detective stories from Voltaire to Poe, the first selection being from "Zadig." This book is the initial volume in the Dial Detective Library which will include also "Great Detective Stories from Dickens to Gaboriau," "Great Detective Stories from Costello to Stevenson" (also edited by Mr. French), "The Sutton Papers" by Selwyn Jepson, and "The Master Criminal" by J. J. Farjeon. In the present work Mr. French has chosen well and has illustrated by examples from Vidocq's Memoirs, from Balzac, Dumas, and Poe, the development of the analysis of crime.

PATRICIA ELLEN. By MARY WILTSHIRE. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$2.00.

Patricia Ellen is a lusty country girl, the daughter of a retired Sergeant-Major and a lady's maid, endowed with all the peasant virtues, thrift, courage, tireless energy, qualities essential to the good management of her father's inn at Avebury in the Marlborough Downs. As a personality she suffers from her faithfulness to type in this one respect and her surprising lack of the concomitant failings. Married to Timothy Haddenden, a poor young artist in delicate health, Patricia cares for her adoring husband with maternal solicitude. Although Patricia wears the breeches her husband, we are led to believe, is the happier for it. An effort of the imagination is required to keep him from merging into a conventional cliché, (the frail artist) whose mental life is nine parts sentimental. Not so Patricia. She is a figure of reality, heroic but disappointingly commonplace. One never feels that she is the master of her fate and the captain of her soul. The tide of life sweeps her on, and she floats with the current, doing her best, living for a memory of happiness and the education of her child. Sufferings and deprivations of an early widowhood, a material

(Continued on next page)

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The New Books Fiction

(Continued from preceding page)

marriage and modest triumphs do not excite the tranquil reader. Patricia Ellen is a stoic, and peasant stoicism is so easily suspect.

Honored by commendatory criticisms in British reviews this first novel of a young Englishwoman has qualities of delicacy rather than strength. Certain of its imperfections are more frequently encountered in the writings of feminine than masculine authors. A tale of middle class provincial English life in the Wiltshire countryside, Bristol and Cirencester, it is largely dependent on local color for its interest. The picture for one who does not know England loses much of its power of entertaining. Possibly Miss Willshire's intimacy with her characters and scene have insensibly induced her to assume a like familiarity in the reader, as if to say a line here and a shadow there, and behold the image which your imagination may easily fill out and vivify.

THE TREMBLING OF A LEAF. By W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM. Doran. 1924.

This reissue of Mr. Maugham's stories of the South Sea Islands comes in the leather pocket edition of the Murray Hill Library, a new volume in a series that includes well-known volumes by Arnold Bennett, Hugh Walpole, Frank Swinnerton, Stephen McKenna, Irvin Cobb, and Mr. Maugham's own "Moon and Sixpence" and "Of Human Bondage." The publishers are to be congratulated upon the many good titles in the Murray Hill Library and upon the attractive format of the books.

Rereading Mr. Maugham's Pacific Island tales, that serve to round out his novel, "The Moon and Sixpence," one is impressed by his feeling for human drama. "Rain," the

The New Books Fiction

last story of the book, is, of course, the source of the play "Rain" which made one of the theatrical sensations of recent years. It is particularly interesting to read it now and compare it with one's vivid memory of the play.

THE BUTTERFLIES OF TAIWAN. By JANET B. MONTGOMERY MCGOVERN. Appleton. 1924. \$1.25.

In "The Butterflies of Taiwan" one finds, as in the "Spoon River Anthology," the conflict of human passions congealed into matter-of-fact statement, though here it is not death which has obliterated the narrations, but the Japanese code of restraint. This dignity of subject is echoed by the form of the poems, sometimes a little too long and explicit, but always simple. Anyone who likes poetry that is condensed drama will enjoy the book.

International

CZECHO-SLOVAKIA. By JOSEF GRUBER. Macmillan. \$2.00.

UNEMPLOYMENT RELIEF IN GREAT BRITAIN. By FELIX MORLEY. Houghton Mifflin. \$2.00.

THE CLASS STRUGGLES IN FRANCE, 1848-1850. By KARL MARX. New York Labor News Co. \$2.00.

Miscellaneous

THE POLICE DOG. By DAVID BROCKWELL. New York: G. Howard Watt. 1924. \$2.50.

In view of the "police" dog's popularity, it is a wonder that no American book like this has appeared before. Mr. Brockwell makes the points of the standard particularly clear to novices; they are illustrated with sketches showing faults as well as with photographic portraits of champions. He describes the special training to which dogs of the breed are susceptible—or perhaps it is fairer to say that he outlines the difficult stages of it. His chapter on diseases and accidents is full of common sense, would apply as well to most other breeds, and ought to save many a dog from rash experimental doctoring. The book's "jacket" bears a head by Charles Livingston Bull which is so striking that every reader will preserve it.

A CENTURY OF WORK FOR ANIMALS. THE HISTORY OF THE R. S. P. C. A., 1824-1924. By EDWARD G. FAIRHOLME and WELLESLEY PAIN. Dutton. 1924. \$3.

In 1822 Richard Martin, a redoubtable Irish Member, successfully fathered the first Act of Parliament providing for the protection of animals. Two years later the R. S. P. C. A. was formed, and in 1840 Queen Victoria gave it permission to call itself Royal. If not directly the parent of our American S. P. C. A., it was the inspiration of its originator, Henry Bergh.

This book is a most readable summary of the British Society's efforts and accomplishment, from the medievalism with which Martin and his followers contended to an enlightenment in which stopping the shipping of worn-out horses to the Continent is about the only battle left to win. Anti-vivisection extremists will not agree with the last statement, but the chapter on the Society's concerns with vivisection is commendable from any point of view. There is a foreword over signature of the Prince of Wales, who is president, and there is a centenary ode by Thomas Hardy.

Poetry

FROM THE HIDDEN WAY. *Dizain des Echos*. By JAMES BRANCH CABELL. McBride. 1924. \$2.50.

One of the most charming characteristics of James Branch Cabell is his elaborate invention of mythical writers. The renditions in this volume of poems are all apparently from medieval poets who once imbued the flesh. But the appearance often beguiles. And their mode is distinctly the mode of Mr. Cabell.

The copyright of the Revised Version of "From the Hidden Way" was registered in 1916. The "Apologia Auctoris" is of 1924. It is written by Robert Etheridge Townsend, whom readers of Cabell will well remember. These are supposed to be selections (Continued on next page)

Points of View

The Bible in Russia

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

A friend of mine has just brought to my attention Mr. Maurice G. Hindus's exceedingly entertaining fantasy, "American Authors in Russia," from a late issue of your truly excellent *Review*—and it is that very excellency which prompts me to ask: Why, Oh, why, do you mar it by printing such stuff? One is very well used to seeing that kind of drivel in *The Dial*, say, and therefore learns to avoid it; but, when one comes upon it in the pages of a well-liked periodical—really, one cannot help feeling something like a pectoral twinge.

I really know nothing of Mr. Hindus, his accomplishments or his qualifications; I am not, therefore, actuated by any personal malice. I may mention, however, that I do know something of the things Mr. Hindus touches upon: bookselling—I am a native of Russia; and Russian authors—among others, I have translated the work of no less than six of the eleven Russian writers Mr. Hindus mentions. I have grown rather callous to the usual *canards* about my beloved Russia; but, occasionally, I am aroused by some especially silly, but irresistible one—hence this philippic. Of course, I am allowing for the human desire for the miraculous, mankind's eternal longing—nay, necessity—for some Prester Djeihan's Land where all sorts of improbable and impossible things romantic may happen. . . . Ariosto pitched upon Luna as such a limbo; Spenser, upon Arcadia; Shakespeare, upon the Seacoast of Bohemia; and the Hindi—the Hindi of the present-day literature—have elected to honor poor Muscovy. . . . Now for the article:

It is self-contradictory:

We are told that there is an unbelievable paucity of Bibles in benighted Russia: "I spent the better part of a day once in making the rounds of the numerous Moscow book-stores in search of a Bible, and true enough there was not a shop that had one for sale." In the very next paragraph, however, we read that "storekeepers in Moscow were tearing up Bibles for wrapping paper"—a condition that would ordinarily bespeak a surfeit of Bibles. . . . (The italics are mine.) Either there are Bibles in Moscow, or there aren't. I'm inclined to think there are—and I know, furthermore, that the Bible is literally *not* fit to wrap anything up in. Unless one insists upon getting the Bible in sheets, the leaves of the largest will not serve to wrap anything save the most diminutive of volumes; and, unless one likewise insists upon India paper, I am very dubious as to the Bible's practicability for herrings—even if they be not "fat" and "dripping with brine." . . .

Besides, Mr. Hindus's statement does not jibe with common sense. Not as a book-lover, but merely as a bookseller, I know that if any poor soul blew into the Blue Faun emporium, piteously clamoring for some book that I was using as wrapping paper, I would not hesitate a second to turn such wrapping paper into cash—to say nothing of the larger, nobler motive in sending the said poor soul rejoicing on its way. Therefore, if the "brilliant young" spiritual leader (whom, although I am rather well up in things Russian, I do not know from Adam) will favor this brilliant and comparatively young bookseller with his preferences as to version, paper, type, binding, and so forth, the Blue Faun, just to demonstrate that his brilliant young heart is in the right place, will undertake to supply him with a Russian Bible, at cost, and without much difficulty. I am pretty certain that if Mr. Hindus had conducted his quest over here, the results would have been practically the same. Firstly, because (leaving the religious bookshops out of the question), with all due reverence, there is no "plug" like the Bible. Secondly, in his eagerness to get in a kick at Russia, while the kicking is good and in fashion, Mr. Hindus forgets a sad yet universal truth: that, with the exception of A. F. G., myself, and, at the most, possibly two or three others, booksellers are God's dumbest creatures. . . . I remember questioning in every bookshop on lower Fourth Avenue (this was long before the centre of the book-trade in New York moved to Twenty-third Street and Lexington Avenue) for a copy of "A Tale of Two Cities"—all in vain. Did I jump at the conclusion that that masterpiece was under the ban? Not much! Because I knew it was of "that class of perpetually self-reproductive volumes—Great Nature's Stereotypes."

Speaking of Books

and especially those published by
the University of Chicago Press

Art as an Avocation

and not as a trade was a tenet to which Renato Fucini, the Italian writer, rigidly adhered. "Therefore," says Dr. Furst in the preface to his new collection from Fucini's work, "perhaps not one line in these four little volumes will die. An exquisite technique is concealed beneath the apparent simplicity of Fucini's rustic tales. . . ." He showed consummate art, besides, in reconciling the dialect of the dialogues with the narrative portions of the story. A book for those who are interested in Italian and Italian literature. *Fucini's Novelle e poesie*. Edited by Henry Furst. \$1.40, postpaid \$1.50.

The University of Chicago Italian Series

now consists of nine volumes designed to develop steadily and rapidly the understanding of written and spoken Italian. Professor Ernest H. Wilkins is the general editor of the series, all of which are bound uniformly in dark green cloth.

The University of Chicago Press
5852 Ellis Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Mr. Hindus throughout his article commits the shallow sophistry of arguing from the particular to the general. That the younger set may decry Turgeniev does not prove that his popularity has waned in the least. Scarcely a day passes by without some flapper condemning (as I wrap up "Crime and Punishment" for her, say) such old-timers as Dickens or Thackeray—yet I manfully manage to restrain myself from startling the world with such news. In the case of the Russian authors cited as *passé*, I can state that I am able to buy their works over here in a form which bespeaks tremendous quantity production—very often in the Gosizdat editions. A visit to any Russian bookstore in the city will bear me out.

The popularity of O. Henry is easily accounted for by the Russian's inherent taste for good things, no matter what the nationality of the writer. Thus, Hamsun was a known quantity in Russia over a decade before his miraculous "discovery" by the English-speaking public. And I would hesitate to say that "Gorky and Chekhov are pushed into the background and O. Henry elevated to a high pedestal." The rising of a new star need not necessarily mean the eclipse of any of the older ones.

That a book-drummer may dispose of more books of fiction than of books whose interest is limited is not, as far as I am aware, a state of affairs peculiar to Russia. . . . As for the popularity of Edgar Rice Burroughs: as a *phantaseur* I should rank him second (among living writers) only to the average literary correspondent. Now, if there be any shortcoming in Russian literature (which I would be rather loath to admit), it is that Russia has always had to import her bizarre literature; *ergo*, is it at all surprising that a master fictionist like Burroughs should take Russia by storm? Also, does it require a Freud to explain that a nation which has passed through such harrowing times as Russia has, should seek relief, escape, from the every-day in that which, next to love and wine, is the best nepenthe: to wit, fiction?

I once again beseech you: leave, oh leave such "Literary News" to the *Dial*! Then, indeed, your periodical will attain utter perfection.

BERNARD GUILBERT GUERNY.

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to Miss Becker, c/o The Saturday Review.



THE LITERATURE OF THE OLD TESTAMENT

By Julius A. Brewer
Professor in Union Theological Seminary

Pp. xiv + 452. \$3.00

The author has taken the results of modern Biblical criticism and woven them into a connected story so that the Literature of the Old Testament appears in its historical development. Each part is seen in its original place, as it sprang out of the life and thought of the people, and as it was modified until the one great Bible resulted. The book is written with charming clarity and is used as a text book in several colleges.

"All who love the Old Testament owe a debt of gratitude to Professor Julius A. Brewer for the elaborate and invaluable sketch of it which he presents in 'The Literature of the Old Testament in its Historical Development.'—The Expository Times (Edinburgh.)"

At Bookshops

Are you receiving our Monthly Book List?

Margaret Widdemer's

CHARIS SEES IT THROUGH

By the Author of "Graven Image," etc.

The first expression in a novel of the Anglo-Saxon American's point of view toward our foreign guests. It is Margaret Widdemer's most appealing novel, a love story in which an American girl marries a successful young immigrant—and his family.

\$1.75

Harcourt, Brace & Company

Poetry

(Continued from preceding page)

from his unedited verses. Mr. Townsend nicely balances a phrase. When he says, "For the most beautiful and terrible thing about a sunrise is that it happens every day," we are, of course, immediately awed by the presence—not in the too, too solid flesh—of Mr. Chesterton. But mainly the phrases reveal Mr. Cabell—we beg pardon—Mr. Townsend as a romantic on his own account. The preface is in train of that lively and lovely book, "Beyond Life." "An element of triteness . . . must be conceded as necessary to first-class art," the author enunciates, by the way. We agree. And we bask in his serious discussion of those more "unfamiliar" poets whom, beside Villon and Petronius, he has delighted to honor by adaptation. Exquisite fooling is Mr. Cabell's forte. Besides, "he daily does the work he chose, and counts all else impertinence."

Travel

THE AUTHOR'S THAMES. By GORDON S. MAXWELL. Brentano's. 1924. \$4.50.

The sub-title of this book is "A Literary Ramble Through the Thames Valley," and it will be welcomed by those who enjoy "book-journeys." In light-hearted fashion, Mr. Maxwell has gathered together a number of references and facts and even a few fragments which concern celebrities from Caesar down to Jerome K. Jerome. The tone of these reminiscences is hearty and jovial; there is less effort to present the characters themselves, than to make gossip of them. Mr. Maxwell has the romantic touch; he gilds what he sees, and his Thames is not so much a river as a scroll bearing famous names. It is curious that the spot where John Doe fell into the river should have no interest to the ramblers; whereas if Milton, Pope, or Gibbon fell in, it would be hallowed ground or water. Our pleasure, perhaps, is in setting the travail against an otherwise painful perpetuity of homage. It was, in point of fact, Gibbon who fell in; Milton merely looked at the river, and Pope's worsted stockings walked away. Such details are interesting, but Mr. Maxwell does not help us to see why. He garners facts with boyish relish, wheat and chaff and dust, with little comment but with enormous gusto. The phrases are always enthusiastic; Dr. Johnson is the "bluff old Doctor," and the poets are in each instance "inspired" or "immortal," and altogether the succession of facetious stories leaves us wondering why the "mild, allaying Thames" has been forgotten.

A BALANCED RATION FOR WEEK-END READING

LOTTERY. By W. E. WOODWARD (Harpers).

GETTING A LAUGH. By C. H. GRANDGENT (Harvard University Press).

INTIMATE LETTERS OF JAMES GIBBONS HUNEKER. Edited by Mrs. HUNEKER (Boni & Liveright).

W. S., California, asks if there is an English translation of *d'Annunzio's* "Child of Pleasure," for which she has searched San Francisco's bookshops in vain.

STOKES published one in 1915, but it is now out of print. His "Flame of Life" and "Triumph of Death" are in the Modern Library.

E. H. G., Charlestown, W. Va., warns me, when I tell people about "A Little Girl's Cooking Book" to tell them also that it suggests that the little girl in question surprise her mother by preparing certain recipes which involve lighting the gas stove.

THIS being a deed proscribed by most mothers of seven-year-olds, unless under careful chaperonage, it looks as if the advice, like the recipes, needs a grain of salt. I have, by the way, just re-read the classic cook-stove chapter of "Little Men" to make sure that those children had only intermittent adult attention while they were dealing with that engine. They took more chances with children then, or else they were less combustible.

I WISH I had had a copy of "Why the Weather?" by Charles Franklin Brooks (Harcourt, Brace), when I was up North where they make it, this summer, but it only just left the press. It is the best book I have seen to explain about storms, winds, cold and hot spells, and the reasons for all these; the author is a professor of meteorology but he writes for the every-day reader.

M. M., Minneapolis, Minn., asks where should one begin with books on mysticism.

A WHOLESOME and sympathetic introduction would be with Evelyn Underhill's "The Essentials of Mysticism" or "Practical Mysticism" (Dutton). Or, if the fiction form attracts, one could begin with the beautiful "The Roadmender" of Michael Fairless (Dutton), or with the earlier writings of Algernon Blackwood, especially "A Prisoner in Fairyland" (Macmillan). It is possible that some will be directed to books of this type by reading Blackwood's striking and unusual autobiography, "Episodes Before Thirty" (Dutton).

J. A., New York, asks for the best book on the character of Napoleon.

EVER since I read Havelock Ellis's "The Dance of Life" (Houghton Mifflin) I have been convinced, from his reference to Elie Faure's "Napoleon," that this must be the book with the most far-seeing estimate of his character. For Faure, whose "History of Art" (Harper) is a study of the part taken by artists in the life of the world, considers Napoleon as an artist, a poet of action, Antichrist indeed, but the only other great man who "acted out his dream instead of dreaming his action." So I am glad that Elie Faure's "Napoleon" has just been published in English by Knopf.

There is, however, no lack of new Napoleonic literature besides this. Chesterton's "Napoleon" (Dodd, Mead) is announced as one of a series of "studies in personality." "Napoleon," by Herbert A. L. Fisher (Holt) is especially strong on his

statesmanship, "Napoleon: an Outline," by Brig. Gen. Colin Ballard (Appleton) on his military genius, though both pay attention to both. Gen. Ballard's book is an original study of his character from the military standpoint, Mr. Fisher's as empire-builder. "Napoleon and Josephine," by Walter Geer (Brentano), which features some unpublished letters, and "Napoleon and His Court," by C. S. Forrester (Dodd, Mead), a picture of his spangled and swift-fading social glory, deal with personal and intimate history. "Reflections on the Napoleonic Legend," by Albert L. Guérard (Scribner) is the book one would expect from the brilliant author of "French Civilization in the Nineteenth Century" and "French Civilization from Its Origins to the Close of the Middle Ages"—a book one would not get from anyone less witty as well as wise. "The Corsican," which is made up of nothing but actual utterances of Napoleon himself, in letters or otherwise, sometimes arranged in deadly parallels, has been for years my own favorite searchlight on his character. "The Manuscript of St. Helena," recently published in English by Appleton, may have this illuminating quality to others. The history of this document is given in the preface, which is by Willard Parker, president of the Bacon Society; whether by Napoleon or not, he undoubtedly knew about it and expressed surprise that some of its facts were set down so accurately. At any rate, it beats the Kaiser's *apologia pro vita sua*.

For a world presumably done with war, this looks like a pretty long list of new books to appear about the world's champion warrior in this the 103d year after his death.

A. R. T., Ann Arbor, Mich., asks if a volume of hitherto unpublished drawings by Aubrey Beardsley is to appear in this country this Fall; he has heard rumors and wants to know the price.

"THE Uncollected Works of Aubrey Beardsley" has been announced for three or four seasons by the Bodley Head, but is positively promised for this year, when Dodd, Mead expect to bring it out in this country in time for the holiday trade. The regular edition costs \$12.50, and there will be an *édition de luxe*, with twenty copies for America, selling at forty dollars.

R. S. K., University of Kansas, asks for a book or list of books for the basis of a year's study of child psychology by the local Mothers' Club.

"OUTLINES of Child Study" (Macmillan) is what is needed. This manual for parents or teachers was edited by Benjamin Gruenberg for the Federation of Child Study, founded over thirty years ago by a group of mothers at the suggestion of Felix Adler, and long since recognized as a remarkably efficient clearing-house for all such information and discussion. The book is arranged by topics with suggestions for study and reading references. Since this appeared the valuable and fascinating "Psychology of Early Childhood," by William Stern (Holt), has been greeted by this department with shouts of joy. Any mother or child student will be the better and happier for Dr. Stern's admirable book.

YOU ARE A WRITER. Don't you ever need help in marketing your work? I am a literary adviser. For years I read for Macmillan, then for Doran, and then I became consulting specialist to them and to Holt, Stokes, Lippincott, and others, for most of whom I have also done expert editing, helping authors to make their work salable.

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William Stearns Davis The Beauty of the Purple

The author of "A Friend of Caesar" gives us: A Dramatic Historical Novel woven about the phenomenal rise of Leo, tender of sheep, to Emperor supreme of the Christian world.

"The most singular achievement of its kind—so gripping that there are moments when it is almost an agony to read it."—Philadelphia North American. \$2.50

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A charcoal portrait
by a Swedish artist

Bengt Berg

When he was a child, Bengt Berg watched great flocks of birds winging South over the Swedish uplands, and said to himself, "When I am old enough, I, too, will follow them." It was a prophecy the man fulfilled. He has followed birds on their migrations to all parts of the world, lived with them in the forests, marshes and open fields, watching their intimate little comedies and tragedies and making a collection of bird photographs unexcelled in scientific accuracy and beauty.

Writing in non-technical language of the birds and beasts of his forests, Mr. Berg has won for himself high rank as a scientist and an unchallenged place in the interest of Swedish nature lovers. Mr. Berg has written many books, on natural history, and some fiction. One of his most popular novels has just been published over here, in a translation by Charles Wharton Stork.

The MOTHERLESS

He writes very simply and with much beauty. He tells of the life of the lonely northland and two who were motherless as feelingly as W. H. Hudson gave the spirit of the Southern forest. It is the idyll of a boy and a bear from the hand of a great Scandinavian contemporary, who is also a naturalist of heart and by training.

Of *The Motherless*, Edwin Bjorkman says, "The book has an atmosphere that comes very near being unique. Every page seems to bring us a little nearer that life in the raw which shall prevail once more unchallenged when the last wall of the last city has vanished beneath its covering of dust."

The Motherless is sold wherever books are sold. \$2.00

Doubleday, Page & Co.

The Phoenix Nest

WE are reading two adventure novels at once, Masfield's latest, "Sard Harker," and Crosbie Garstin's of 1923 vintage, "The Owl's House." Garstin's proves as full of glamour and colour as we were led to believe. Here is a hale and hearty romantic writer as yet not fitly appreciated. He has the necessary gusto. Masfield, at the start of his novel, sketches several characters, and the ship *Pathfinder*, in sonnet form. Here is the sonnet about "Sard" himself (short for "Sardonic"), of whom it was said by the men, "He's a damned sardonic devil with a damned sardonic way":

*A lean man, silent, behind triple bars
Of pride, fastidiousness, and secret life.
His thought an austere commune with the stars,
His speech a probing with a surgeon's knife.
His style a chastity whose acid burns
All slack false formlessness in man or thing;
His face a record of the truth man learns
Fighting bare-knuckled Nature in the ring.
His self (unseen until a danger breaks)
Serves as a man, but when the peril comes
And weak souls turn to water, his awakes
Like bright salvation among martyrs.
Then, with the danger mastered, once again
He goes behind his doors and draws the chain.*

Which is enough to interest anyone in a fictional hero. So far in the story there has been a rattling description of a prize-fight between a Carib and a white man, and an abduction is to take place and "Sard" is off to rescue his dream lady.

Good news is that a new romance by James Stephens, "In the Land of Youth," is on the way, "a tale of men's bravery, women's wit, wonders and enchantments." Also we hear that the indefatigable Allan Nevins, the literary editor of the *Sun*, has a new book, "The American States During and After the Revolution." He takes up the thirteen commonwealths as separate entities during this period. We have been dipping into Gerald Bullett's short stories in "The Street of the Eye." He displays power. We have also read the pocket edition of Somerset Maugham's "The Trembling of a Leaf." These Pacific tales lead us to open with interest the new collected edition of the works of Louis Becke that comes to us through Lippincott. Few today recall Louis Becke of Port Macquarie, whose works bear a preface of the Nineties by Lord Pembroke. Pembroke sailed into Apia, Samoa, when Becke was gaining his first experience of island life as a trader. It was the editor of the *Sydney Bulletin* who first persuaded Becke to write, and "By Reef and Palm" was the first of his books to appear. He went to England, wrote "Pacific Tales," "Rodman the Boatsteerer" (stories), "Helen Adair" and other long novels. As Pembroke puts it, he knew "the Pacific as few men alive or dead have ever known it." The stories of Mr. Maugham, good as they are, are bound to pale somewhat beside the books of Becke's revival.

Allow us to mention that Tony Sarg's "Book for Children" is out, and an inimitable gift for Christmas to children you really like. We are glad to see that one dedicatee is our old friend Anne Stoddard, with whom we used to serve on the

Century. She has helped to make the book the delightful thing it is. *Walter Packer* comes bearing "The Masters of Modern Art," in a distinguished Huebsch publication. Yet the load is not too heavy for Walter's rather thin shoulders. His genuine enthusiasm makes him luminously lyrical. This is a book all lovers of modern art should possess; it is an excellent volume for the layman who wishes truly to understand—whether he likes it or not—how painting and sculpture have become what they are today. *Mary Johnston* is always worth reading, and "The Slave Ship" is here before us, but it's not out officially till a week from now. Virginia in the early days seems to attract novelists this season. There was "Bali-sand," and here is Miss Johnston dealing with Colonial Virginia and the Slave Trade. *Hergesheimer* writes a different kind of historical novel, but Mary Johnston takes some beating in her own line.

Who is this William Bolitho whose "Leviathan" we have been aspeakin' of and who sends in those pungent comments on the political situation in Paris to the *New York World*? Some have asked this, therefore be it known that Bolitho is a South African, half Boer and half English. His real name is William P. Ryall. He started writing under his mother's name, of Bolitho. He lives in Paris. Reading in *Borrow's* "Wild Wales" the other day, we happened on the chapter in which he picks up at a little bookstall "a kind of chap book" containing the life and one of the interludes of Tom o' the Dingle or Thomas Edwards. The life, says *Borrow*, is one of the most remarkable autobiographies ever penned. By his countrymen Thomas Edwards was called "The Welsh Shakespeare." *Borrow* gives extracts from the life, saying that Edwards copied out a great many carols and songs as a child. A man "who was a poet by nature" (he could neither read nor write), one *Tom Tai of the Moor* "made," says Edwards, "an englyn for me to put in a book in which I was inserting all the verses I could collect:

*Tom Evan's the lad for hunting up songs,
Tom Evan to whom the best learning belongs;
Betwixt his two pasteboards he varies his got*

Sufficient to fill the whole country, I wot.
This is a jingle we should like to prefix to an anthology we shall compile some day, very rare and curious, we do assure you.

Well, the day after New Year's we recommend that all lovers of music, and, for that matter, all lovers of spirited and delightful writing, purchase *Carl Van Vechten's* "Red," a volume of musical essays. We understand that he owes his title to a phrase by *Robert Schumann*: "Red is the colour of youth. Oxen and turkeys are always enraged when they see it."

Number 4, Volume 1 of the *Branch Library Book News* of the Bulletin of the New York Public Library is a compilation by *Earle F. Walbridge*, librarian of the Harvard Club. He has made a list of novels in which real people appear as characters. It is titled "Romans à Clef," bears an anonymous foreword which we suspect is from the pen of *Edmund Lester Pearson*, and will give you an interesting and informative half hour any evening. Some modern novels are included. * * * Adios! W. R. B.

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The World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK M. HOPKINS

THE ARNOLD COLLECTION

THE collection of books, autograph letters, and manuscripts brought together in the last two decades by William Harris Arnold of this city will be sold at the Anderson Galleries November 10 and 11. The catalogue, a handsomely printed quarto, has a portrait of Mr. Arnold, a foreword by his wife, Mrs. Gertrude Weld Arnold, an appreciative introduction by R. B. Adam, and the 1,130 items are freely illustrated (with facsimiles of title pages, inscriptions of association books, and manuscripts).

Mr. Arnold began collecting soon after coming to New York, a little more than thirty years ago. In 1893 he published a little book entitled "First Report of a Book Collector," and, in 1901, after several active years of collecting, he sold a wonderful gathering of American first editions, including many rarities. From that time on, he gathered the treasures now offered for sale. Only a short time before his death in 1923, he completed a volume of essays entitled "Ventures in Book Collecting" which was published in the autumn of the same year by his wife. In this volume he told of his experiences as a collector and

chatted about his treasures in one of the most interesting books of its kind published for years. Mr. Arnold from his beginning became an interesting figure among American collectors and the announcement of this sale has attracted international attention.

Mr. Arnold's career as a collector can be divided into two well defined parts. In the first he made a special point of completeness, the fashion of his time. In the second, he bought to please his own fancy, as his wife aptly says in her foreword, "volumes and manuscripts rich in human interest and association, gathered with a deep enthusiasm and love for the beautiful, and with a serene patience that never tired." Here are a host of names, among them Coleridge, Keats, Lamb, Shelley, Wordsworth, Byron, Johnson, Swift, Pope, Addison, Steele, Thackeray, Dickens, Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, Holmes, and Bryant. Tennyson and Stevenson were his special favorites and under their names are many incommensurable items.

Space here will not permit any extended reference to the many priceless treasures of this collection. We select three items because they show Mr. Arnold's instinctive

taste for material of striking literary interest. Item No. 333, refers to the metre used by Edward Fitzgerald in his English poetic version of the "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam." Fitzgerald was looking for a suitable metre for his translation. The verse he came across is described as the "autograph manuscript of a verse of four lines" which are as follows:

*O shall we once again beneath the beams
Of yon chaste moon renew this night's fond
dreams?*

*Or will her rays reflect a flickering path
Across our lives' far separated streams?*

Fitzgerald notes that he had forgotten the name of the author of the quatrain. The British Museum could not name the author at Mr. Arnold's request, and we believe the authorship is still unknown.

Item No. 411 is a collection of 146 autograph letters written by Nathaniel Hawthorne between November 14, 1851, and March 18, 1864, to his friend and publisher, William D. Ticknor. These intimate interesting letters form a most valuable and illuminating series, constituting almost a complete autobiography of the famous author during the last fourteen years of his life. They are identical with the "Letters of Hawthorne to William D. Ticknor," privately printed for the Carteret Book Club, of Newark, N. J., in 1909.

They abound in intimate personal touches, and give constant glimpses of social, economic and political conditions in America and Europe in the momentous years of the middle of the last century.

Item No. 969 is the autograph manuscript of Tennyson's "Bugle Song," commencing with the well-known lines "The splendor falls on castle walls," written for "The Princess," together with four other lyrics written for the same volume. Each song differs more or less from the printed text, which indicates that they were early versions. Mr. Arnold considered this the most important Tennyson manuscript extant, and he was not alone in this opinion.

Readers of this department, who have a keen appreciation of treasures of this kind, should, if possible, make it a point to attend the exhibition of this collection before the sale. Collectors at a distance will find this one of the great opportunities of the season and should take advantage of it. The catalogue is well worth careful perusal and preservation, for it describes a collection that gave its owner great satisfaction.

"ROBINSON CRUSOE AND ITS PRINTING, 1719-1731," is a forthcoming book, to be printed in a limited edition, by the Columbia University Press which should be of interest to collectors and students of the period.

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